Ch. Room

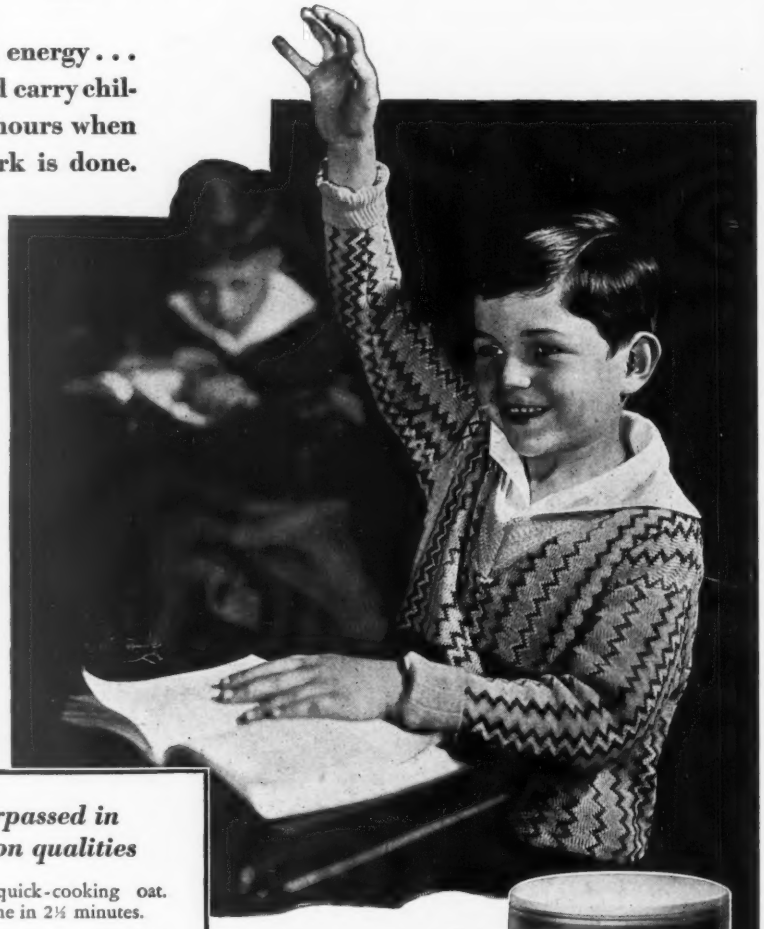
SEPTEMBER 1930 35 CENTS

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

Children's nerves must bear the load of the *insufficient* breakfast

Nutritionists warn that food energy . . . not nervous energy . . . should carry children through the morning hours when 70% of the day's school work is done.



WHY is the right kind of a breakfast so vitally important to children? Because, say authorities, the American child does 70% of his entire day's school work before noon. His breakfast must supply *lasting* energy to meet these 4 hardest hours, or he will be forced to go on nervous energy instead.

The most nutritious cereal

Of all hot cereals, one is rated by nutritionists as "unsurpassed for rich nutrition and lasting energy" . . . Quaker Oats. This is because Quaker retains every bit of the vital part of the oat . . . the health-protecting part nature intended children to have

Quaker Oats is 16% protein. Every living cell in the child's busy, growing body is continually demanding protein for the repair of worn-out muscle and nerve tissues. Quaker contains 50% more of this great growth food than highly milled cereals — abundant vitamin B to build healthy, young appetites — rich minerals — plus 65% energy food for the child to "go on and grow on." There's roughage, too, to make laxatives unnecessary.

Children prefer Quaker

Quaker Oats has a richer . . . more zestful flavor that children delight in. For in the Quaker process the choice whole oats are roasted in open ovens to a flaky succulent tenderness. This gives that tangy, nut-sweet savoriness. And so perfectly pre-cooks the oats that you can cook them deliciously and safely done in 2½ minutes.

Don't handicap children's mornings with less nourishing . . . less vital foods. Your grocer has both the regular and the Quick Quaker Oats. Look for the Quaker name and the Quaker figure on the package. They are your guarantee of finer flavor . . . richer nutrition. The Quaker Oats Company.

Unsurpassed in nutrition qualities

1 *Fastest* quick-cooking oat. Cooks done in 2½ minutes.

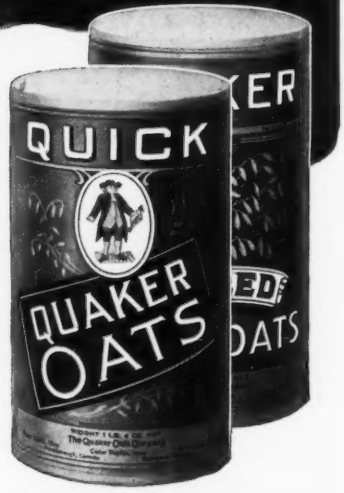
2 *Unsurpassed* in nutrition qualities. Rated "the most nutritious of all hot cereals."

3 50% *more protein*—richer minerals—more abundant vitamin B.

4 *A rich, zestful flavor* no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

For Sunday morning breakfast Aunt Jemima Pancakes, fluffy light and easy to make.

James Folan led his class last year and checked 100% in health tests too. "Our mornings are never too rushed to give Jimmy his Quick Quaker Oats breakfast," writes his mother.



Quaker Oats . . . *two kinds . . . at your grocer's*

The Story of an Honor Pupil

"Six years ago we were in despair," a mother writes us; "our little son was unable to attend the local school.

"I had read about the Calvert Home Instruction Courses . . . but how could I, a busy housekeeper, with four other children, give my youngster proper schooling at home? I took a chance, however, and wrote for a sample lesson.

"I didn't dream how much happiness that lucky letter was to bring!

"Our boy is now in preparatory school. Although he had never before entered a schoolroom in his life, he has carried off second honors every month, last month *first honors*. The Headmaster tells us that he has an unusually sound foundation for preparatory school work.

"But what we are most grateful for is his health! Studying at home, he had hours of sunshine and fresh air that would have been impossible if he had gone to regular school. Besides, he never had to go out in bad weather.

"And the lessons were so easy to give. The daily outlines were so clear that any one could follow them. My husband says he doesn't know who enjoyed our school more, the boy or I.

"My only regret is that I didn't know of the Calvert Home Courses in time to give them to the other children. For 'my Calvert child' is, I think, better equipped to go on with higher work than any of the others were at his age.

"The individual instruction, the interesting way of presenting each lesson, the elimination of wasted classroom time, the delightful intermingling of cultural, scientific and general information with the three 'R's' from the very first lesson . . . well, no wonder the boy was ready for High School in six years!

"Yes, I'm a Calvert enthusiast, and I talk about what your Home Courses did for us whenever I get the chance. I just wish I could tell every other mother in the world about your school!"

Increasing numbers of parents are discovering the advantages of keeping children at home during the first formative years of school work. Founded in Baltimore 33 years ago as a day school, Calvert soon grew famous for its successful education of children from Kindergarten to High School. In response to an ever-growing demand a Home Instruction Department was opened. Now thousands of students all over the world have school *come to them*. Engineers, missionaries, diplomats, exchange professors have enrolled their children and have found them well equipped to do High or Preparatory School work upon return to this country. And Calvert Courses are giving thousands of children in this country more time for healthful play. Every home pupil benefits from Calvert methods of teaching, from careful planning of lessons, and Calvert's enthusiastic encouragement of self-expression. Daily lessons, books, materials and personal guidance are supplied from Baltimore.

V. M. Hillyer, A.B., Harvard, widely known as an educator, and the author of "A Child's History of the World," "Child Training," etc., is Headmaster. Your child should have his latest book, "A Child's Geography," which is now delighting thousands. It is highly recommended by leading educators.

Is your child developing as rapidly as he is able? Does he receive valuable individual attention at school? You owe it to his best interests to make sure. He will be if he enrolls with Calvert. Let us send you information about "the school that comes to you."

CALVERT SCHOOL
19 E. Tuscany Road
Baltimore, Md.
Please send me full information regarding your Home Instruction Courses.

Name_____

Address_____

One morning, Good King Banana found himself in a big grocery store. Lots of people were rushing about, and the clerks were as busy as bees. Then he noticed that *everybody* was asking for bananas. "Wonder why," he thought, but nobody had time to tell him. "Then I'll find out," and with one bound he hopped right into a bag the clerk was filling with big, fine bananas. So away he was carried—to a lovely home.

"What a nice visit," the Good King thought as he stepped out of the bag. Then he heard voices, and soon into the room came a Happy Little Girl, a Shining Faced Boy, and their mother, who was chatting with a neighbor. "Oh, yes," the mother was saying. "Now that school has started, everybody is ordering bananas. You see, the teachers have been telling the children what a fine food bananas are ——"

And here the Boy couldn't hold in a minute longer. "Teacher says bananas can make a fellow good and strong. So I'm goin' to eat a lot of 'em—an' make the High School 'Leven! She showed us a picture of a guinea pig that was fed on bananas. An' my! He was nearly twice as big as a measly one that didn't get any bananas. You see, he needed the uh-uh-vitamins an'—an' minerals an' things that good old bananas have!"

"Teacher says that's the way it is with children, too," the Little Girl spoke up. "We won't grow straight and tall unless we have the right things to eat. Bananas can even help make our teeth grow nice and even, teacher says." All this pleased the King so much, he danced a jig. "From now on, they won't have to beg mother for bananas," he chuckled. Then, before they knew it, he waved good-bye, and skipped through the window.

Wouldn't you like to have Good King Banana's Game? It's jolly as can be—for home, school or party. And when not being played, it will be nice for the wall of your room or schoolroom. Your name and address carefully printed on the coupon, together with a dime, will bring it to you. We'll also include a fine new book of banana recipes and menus for Mother.

BANANA GROWERS ASSOCIATION C. L. 9-30
17 Battery Place, New York
Canadian Office—1171 St. James St., West, Montreal, Canada
Please send Good King Banana's Game, together with the recipe book for Mother, "Bananas in the Modern Manner." 10¢ is enclosed for mailing charges.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

Volume IX
Number IX

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

PUBLISHED
MONTHLY

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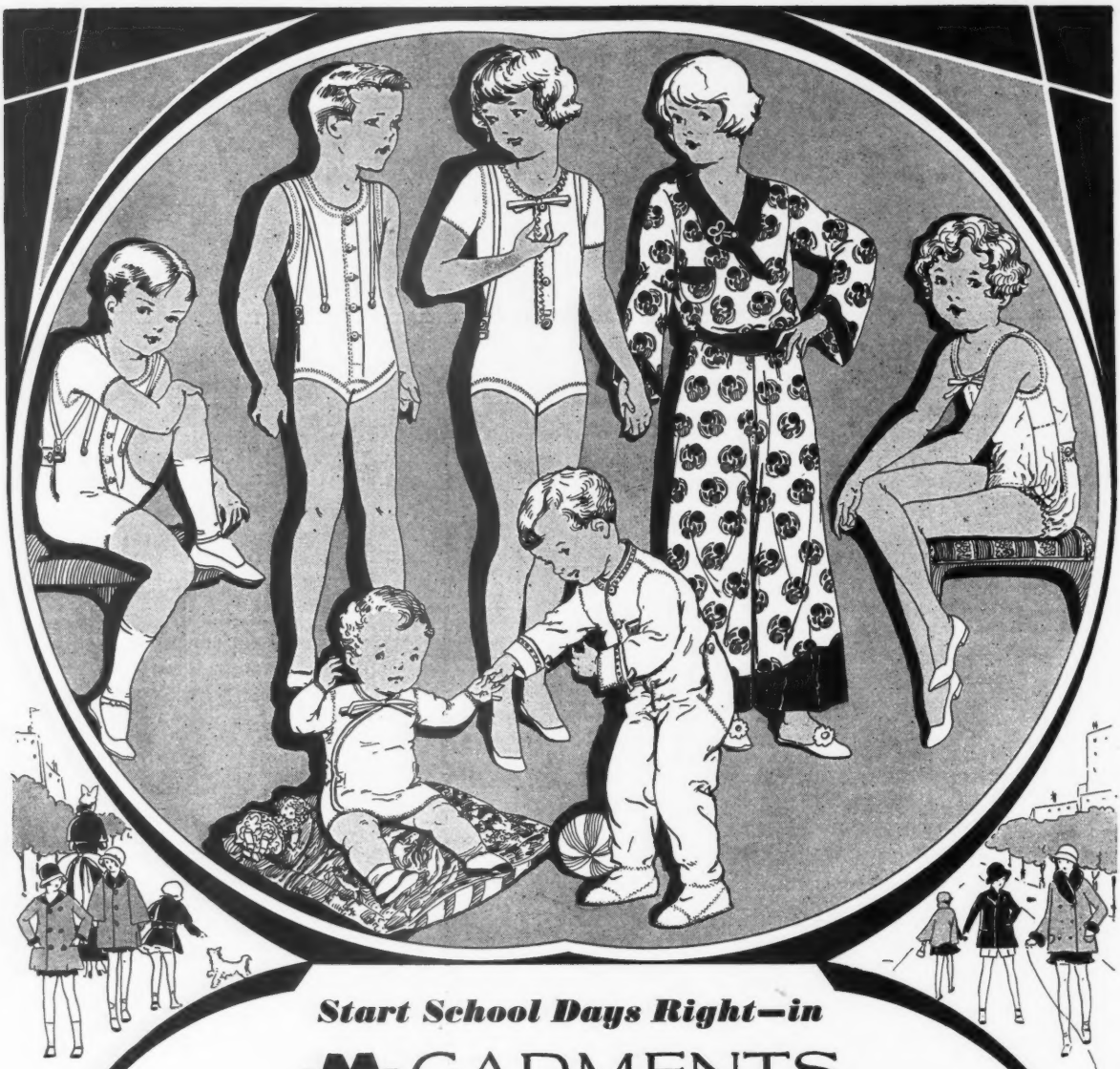


Start School Days Right—in

MINNEAPOLIS "M" GARMENTS

The PERFECT UNDERWEAR *for* CHILDREN

MINNEAPOLIS "M" garments are universally accepted as the correct underdressing in modern juvenile styles. The fashionable French Type (short trunk) garments illustrated above are made for both boys and girls in all popular fabrics.

Minneapolis "M" Flannelette Pajamas are offered in one and two piece garments in a variety of styles and patterns. For the younger children, "M" Bi-Knit Sleepers provide utmost protection and warmth. Baby's comfort is assured in the "M" Foldover Shirt.

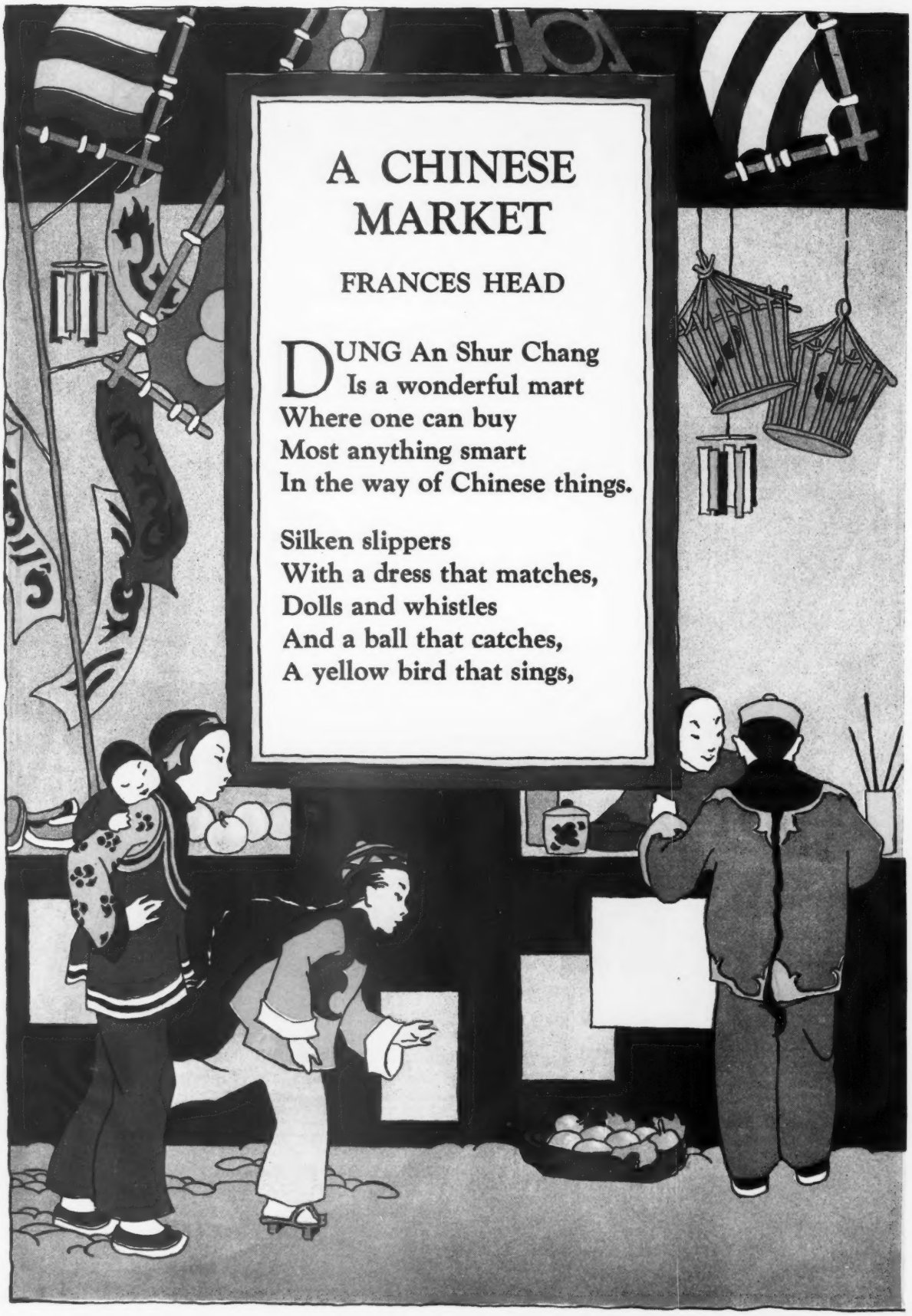
The Minneapolis "M" label is your guarantee of satisfaction. Look for it at your Dry Goods store. If you can't find the garments you want, write us.

MINNEAPOLIS KNITTING WORKS, Minneapolis, Minn.

FLOWER LANGUAGE

BIG, beautiful boat, are you happy to be
Back home again from over the sea?
Are you always glad when your journey ends,
And have you brought us some far-off friends
Who want to live in America, too?
Last month when we came to welcome you
We saw a little Belgian boy
Whose face showed anything but joy;
His little sister clung to his hand
And they seemed afraid to come to our land.
We gave them some posies that seemed to be
Like those in their garden over the sea.
They looked very sweet when they stopped looking blue
And started to smile at America, too.
So that's why we brought this basket of flowers
That bloom in their countries the same as in ours.

Rose Waldo Editor

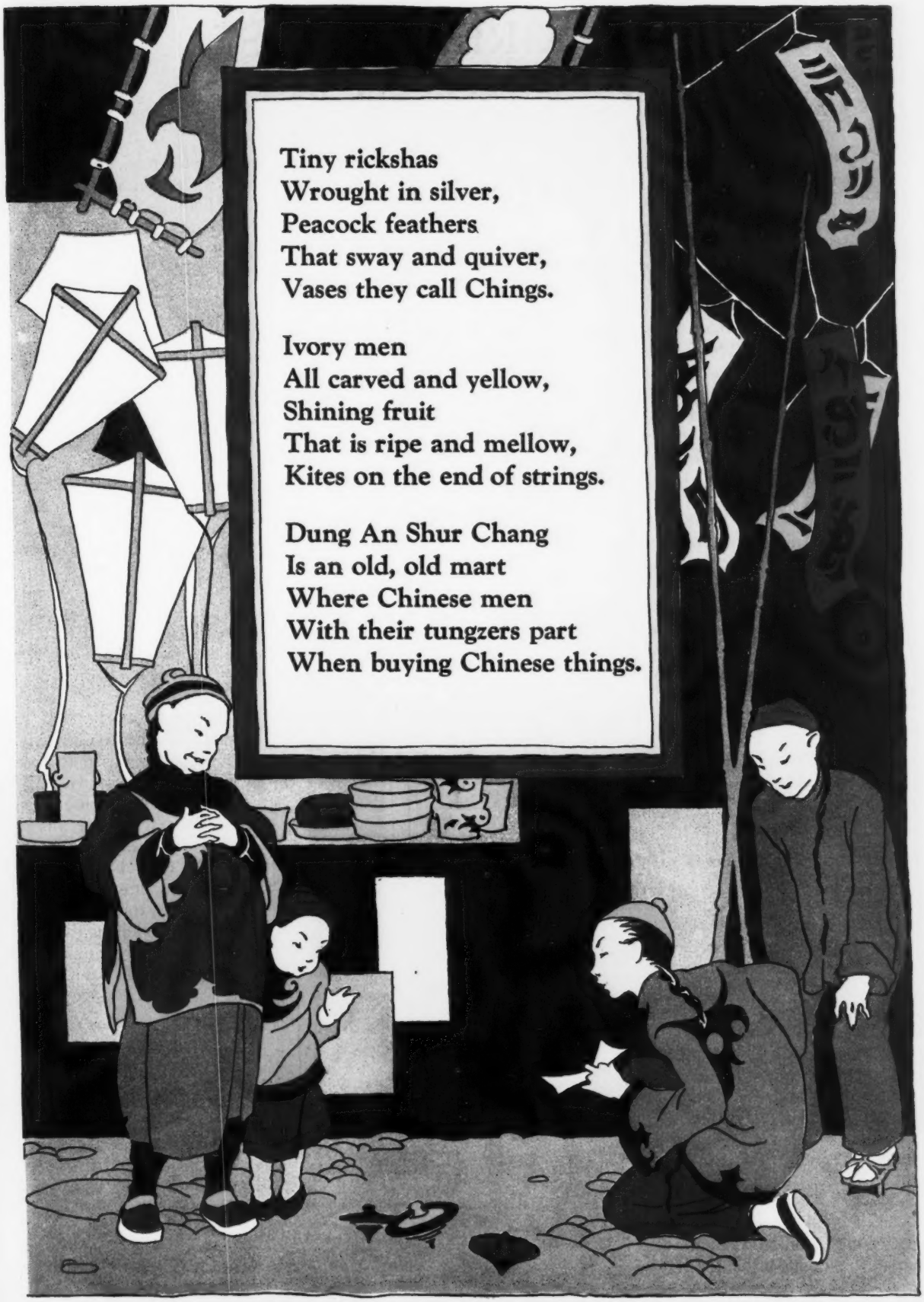


A CHINESE MARKET

FRANCES HEAD

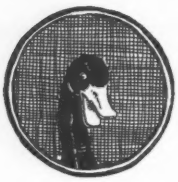
DUNG An Shur Chang
Is a wonderful mart
Where one can buy
Most anything smart
In the way of Chinese things.

Silken slippers
With a dress that matches,
Dolls and whistles
And a ball that catches,
A yellow bird that sings,


Tiny rickshas
Wrought in silver,
Peacock feathers
That sway and quiver,
Vases they call Chings.

Ivory men
All carved and yellow,
Shining fruit
That is ripe and mellow,
Kites on the end of strings.

Dung An Shur Chang
Is an old, old mart
Where Chinese men
With their tungzers part
When buying Chinese things.



THE GREEN GOOSE

By HELEN DIEHL OLDS
Author of "*Joan of the Journal.*"

ONCE there was a green goose—the greenest goose you could ever imagine. He was as green as the grass when it first comes up in the springtime. Perhaps you can't understand how a goose could be that green, but you see, he was a plush goose. And he lived on the front porch of a tea house in Long Island.

The tea house was out in the country. When you went to it, you had to drive a long way in an automobile over a broad highway, and then drive a little way over a narrow road that had big trees on both sides. Down that shady road was the tea house, and it was on the porch of the tea house that Downy, the green plush goose, lived.

There were other geese around the tea house—a whole family of them lived in the yard. There were Papa Goose and Mamma Goose and their six waddling little goslings. They were all fat and white. There was only one green plush goose and that was Downy.

This is the way Downy got his name.

He had lived in a toy shop in the city before he came to the country. One day the tea house lady came into the shop and went right up to the counter where the green plush goose was standing, with the neck nodding and his bill going open and shut, open and shut, all the time.

"That green plush goose's the very thing I want for the porch of my new tea house," said the tea house lady. She lifted him off the counter and cuddled him close. When his neck nodded now, his bill dabbed into the snug fur on the tea house lady's coat. "He's a darling, so soft and —downy. That's what I'll call him—Downy!"

That had been in the wintertime, and he had lived on a shelf in the tea house lady's closet for a long time. When the summer came, with the grass as green as Downy, the tea house lady took him out to the country and stood him up on the funny feet on the front porch.

"People will see him from the road, and will come in for my chicken dinner with waffles," she said.

People did come, whole families of them—mothers and daddies, brothers and sisters, aunties and uncles. They all admired Downy as they went across the porch and into the tea house. "What a lovely green plush goose," they would say. "Isn't it cunning the way he keeps his mouth and neck going all the time?"

Downy felt proud when they said things like that, but he wasn't so proud of his bobbing neck when the goose family who lived in the yard came near him. They thought the way he kept his mouth and neck going all the time was silly, and told him so.

"Why don't you get off that porch and walk around with us, like a real goose?" hissed Papa Goose.

"Aw, he can't—that's why," sneered a young gosling. "Because his feet are heavy and clumsy, not soft and webby like ours."

"We wouldn't want him with us anyway," wheezed Mamma Goose. "It'd look odd to have a green goose with us white ones. All my family have been white."

Poor Downy! After a visit from the Goose family, he was always sad to be a green plush goose. He knew that the tea house lady loved him, but she was so busy these days that she hardly ever had time to come near him.

One day, towards the end of the summer, he saw the tea house lady coming up from the mail box, waving a letter and smiling. "Hurrah, Daisy," she called. "I'm going to sell the tea house. No more bending over a hot stove for me. I'm going to Paris."

Daisy was the cook. She was big and fat and black. She came to the back door, and Downy heard her say, "Lawsy, Miss, am that right? And I kin go back to the city?"

"Yes, indeed!" The tea house lady got out her paints

and brushes and a nice, smooth board. She sat down on the porch beside Downy and made a sign. "Green Goose Tea House. For Sale." she painted.

Poor Downy. He couldn't understand what had happened. He had wobbled his neck faithfully, to call people off the road to come in for the tea house lady's dinner. But he guessed he hadn't worked hard enough, or why would she be selling the tea house? And what was going to happen to him when Daisy went back to the city and the tea house lady went to Paris?

He had liked the nice country, too, but now he'd have to go and live on the tea house lady's closet shelf again, where it was all dark. Downy's bead eyes glistened sadly. Perhaps it was tears.

That very afternoon a big man came to the tea house and looked all around.

"Yes, I'm selling everything," the tea house lady said. "Except Downy," and she pointed to him.

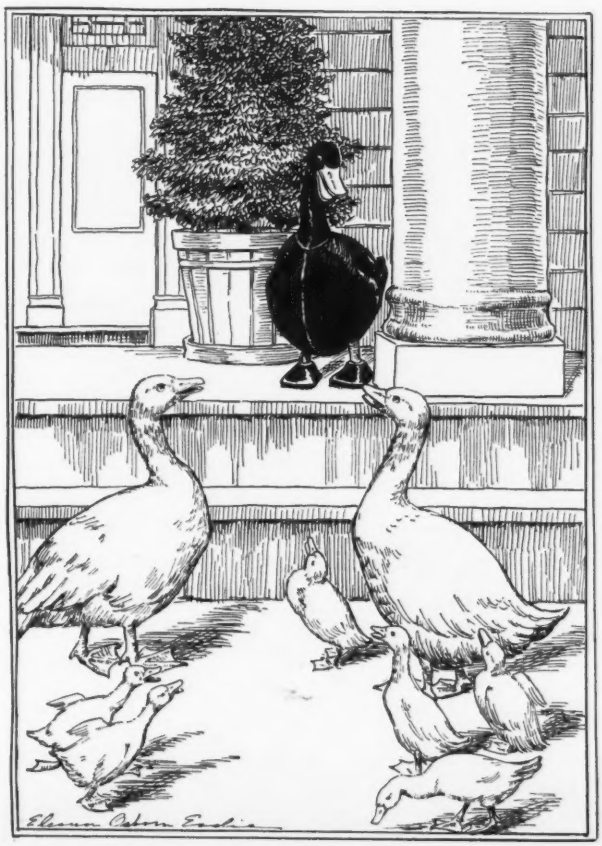
Downy trembled and his neck wobbled. What would happen to him?

"That's all right," laughed the big man. "I only want the real, live geese. I'm going to give the tea house a new name, anyway."

The next day, the tea house lady made another sign:

GREEN GOOSE TEA HOUSE
SOLD
LAST DAY TO-DAY

So it was the last day for the tea house, and then back to the dark closet shelf for Downy. He felt quite discouraged but he kept bobbing his long green neck just as hard as ever. He'd do what he could for the tea house lady. Maybe if he got a whole lot of people to come to-day, she wouldn't have to sell the tea house and he could stay there.



The Goose family waddled around, bright and early. "We're going to stay," they said in happy hisses. "He wanted *us*."

Downy didn't even look at them. He just went on nodding his head, up and down, up and down.

Automobiles came along the road, but only a few of them stopped. When the sun was right up over the porch, a little car came chugging along and stopped at the big gate. The door opened and a little girl hopped out. Downy heard her plainly. "But, Daddy, I don't care if it *is* the last day. I want to eat here. See the green goose on the porch! He's telling me to hurry up."

"All right, Patty," said her daddy from the car. "We promised to let you choose the place, because it's your birthday. Mother and I'll drive through the gate and park in the yard."

Downy lifted his head and watched Patty coming down the path. She wore a short dress and short socks and a hat that hung down the back of her neck by an elastic. She came right up to Downy and patted his green head. He was as high as her knee. "Oh, you dear, dear goose," she whispered to him. "I wish I had you. You could stand right in front of my doll's house at home. And I'd take you to the park, too."

But Downy knew that the tea house lady wouldn't sell him. Didn't he wish, though, that he could go home with Patty and stand before that doll's house? He'd bet those dolls had never seen a goose like him.

Patty and her mother and her daddy must have enjoyed the chicken dinner with waffles, for they stayed inside the tea house a long, long time, it seemed to Downy. Finally they did come out. If he were only a real goose now, he could follow Patty's car all the way down the road to her home, wherever that was. He must do something! Maybe he could walk, if he tried hard. He gave a mighty wrench at his heavy, lead feet and—toppled over, just as Patty came across the porch. What would she think of him, now? The worse of it all was he couldn't pick himself up. He just had to lie there on his fat, round, green plush tummy. He felt so silly!

"Oh, the green goose fell over!" Patty picked him up and cuddled his plump body under her chin. His neck was nodding again, his head bobbing right near Patty's pink ear that stuck out between her short curls. If he could only talk to her!

"Take me home with you, Patty!" he said as

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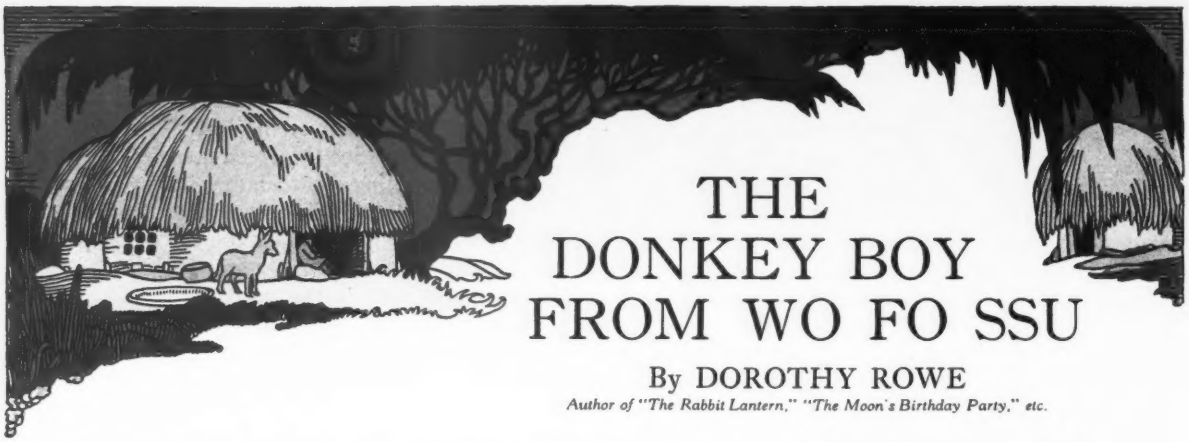


THE DONKEY BOY FROM WO FO SSU

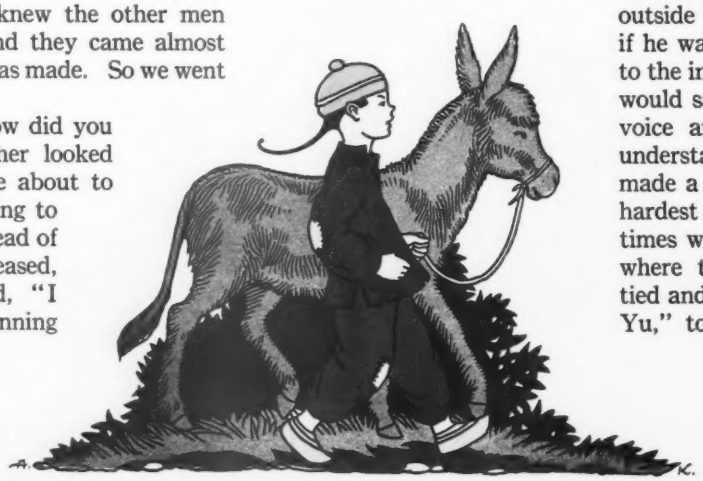
By DOROTHY ROWE

Author of "The Rabbit Lantern," "The Moon's Birthday Party," etc.

THE grandfather of little Wang Pao, and the father of little Wang Pao had always lived out in the hills far from the big city of Peking. They had lived for years and years in the same house with brown mud walls and a roof of reeds, and they had always had two donkeys to help them earn money. One donkey stayed at home to help plough the land or carry the fire grass from over the hills, but one donkey wore a saddle every day and was taken out to the big road and to the big temple of Wo Fo Ssu to see if some one did not want to hire him for a ride into the city.

Wang Pao was eleven before he ever went with the donkey which wore the saddle. That was always the work of Father after Grandfather grew old, and all the little boys and girls had to stay at home and help gather fire grass or plant cabbage in the garden around the house. But he had heard Father say, "Well, I made a goodly amount of coppers to-day, for I was early at the gate of the big temple and found that there were some men waiting already to go back to Peiping. I went up to them and said, 'This donkey is strong and unwearied, and how much will you pay to ride him into the city?' They said thirty cents. But I knew they were impatient to go, so I said forty cents. They talked very little but said if I could find another donkey for the same price they would go. I knew the other men would soon come and they came almost before our bargain was made. So we went for forty cents."

Mother said, "How did you return?" And Father looked at her as if he were about to say, "I was just going to tell you." But instead of saying it he gave a pleased, tired sigh and said, "I came back also, running after my donkey, for there was a man at the city gate who wished to ride out to our village. In this way I doubled my earnings."



Wang Pao often asked his father about the long, adventuring trips which he took each day, following the donkey as it bore some stranger into the city or back again, and Wang Pao had learned of many exciting places that Father daily passed. He had heard of the Pagoda of the Jade Fountain and wanted so much to see that place; and he knew there was a chance some times to stop and peep in through the gates that led to the Summer Palace, whose high hill and yellow roofs he could just see from his little home. He had even heard Father tell of the strangers from foreign lands who sometimes came to the big temple and stayed there for a night and ate strange foods and walked about all day until they were so tired that they had to hire Father's donkey to carry them home to the city.

All of his life, it seemed to Wang Pao, he had wished that he would soon be old enough to take Father's place with the donkey that wore the saddle and went on the long thrilling journeys every day. He knew he was strong enough to run after the donkey and drive it on the right paths, and he knew he could make the donkey obey him when he wanted it to go to the right or to the left. Why, he had practiced for hours to get the whistle that the donkey obeyed just right. If he said, "Wo Wo," the donkey would go to the outside edge of the path, and if he wanted him to walk near to the inner edge of the path he would say, "Li, Li," in a loud voice and the donkey would understand. The word that made a donkey stand still was hardest and Wang Pao sometimes went into the little yard where the two donkeys were tied and practiced saying, "Yu Yu," to them, but they were standing still already, so they just turned their big eyes on Wang Pao and wagged their ears as

if to say, "What in the world do you suppose that little boy means by telling us to stand still when we are tied to our stakes and can't move?"

It was a blue and gold October morning with just a little cold in the air; so it made Wang Pao think of padded cotton trousers and a coat instead of just blue trousers and sometimes no coat at all. It was a day very soon after he was eleven, and it was to be a very wonderful day, for Father said early in the morning, as Mother was cooking the porridge and Wang Pao was kneeling to keep the dry reeds burning under her pot, "Ai-ya, I think I must go over to the next village and see if I can exchange my good cabbages for corn meal. I shall take the work donkey to carry the cabbages and I want Wang Pao to take the donkey that wears the saddle and try to get a fare from the temple into the city and back." Wang Pao turned on his heels as he was stooping to fill the stove, looked into Father's face and did not say a word. Did Father really mean it? Father always was so quiet about what he said, but surely of anything so exciting as this he would speak more. Then Father said, "You will go, my son, and take the animal and try your luck. If you do well this day, in the future it shall be you who goes after the donkey that wears the saddle each day and I shall stay at home. You are old enough and I grow tired of the long journeyings."

Wang Pao could not understand how anyone would rather stay at home so stupidly each day than go on long adventurous trips to wonderful places, but he answered quietly, too, "Yes, Father, I shall do as you say, and if I succeed this day it shall be as you said, that I take your place with the donkey that wears the saddle and, while I am away, you stay at home as you wish."

"Good," said Father. "Now hurry with your food so you may not be late at the temple."

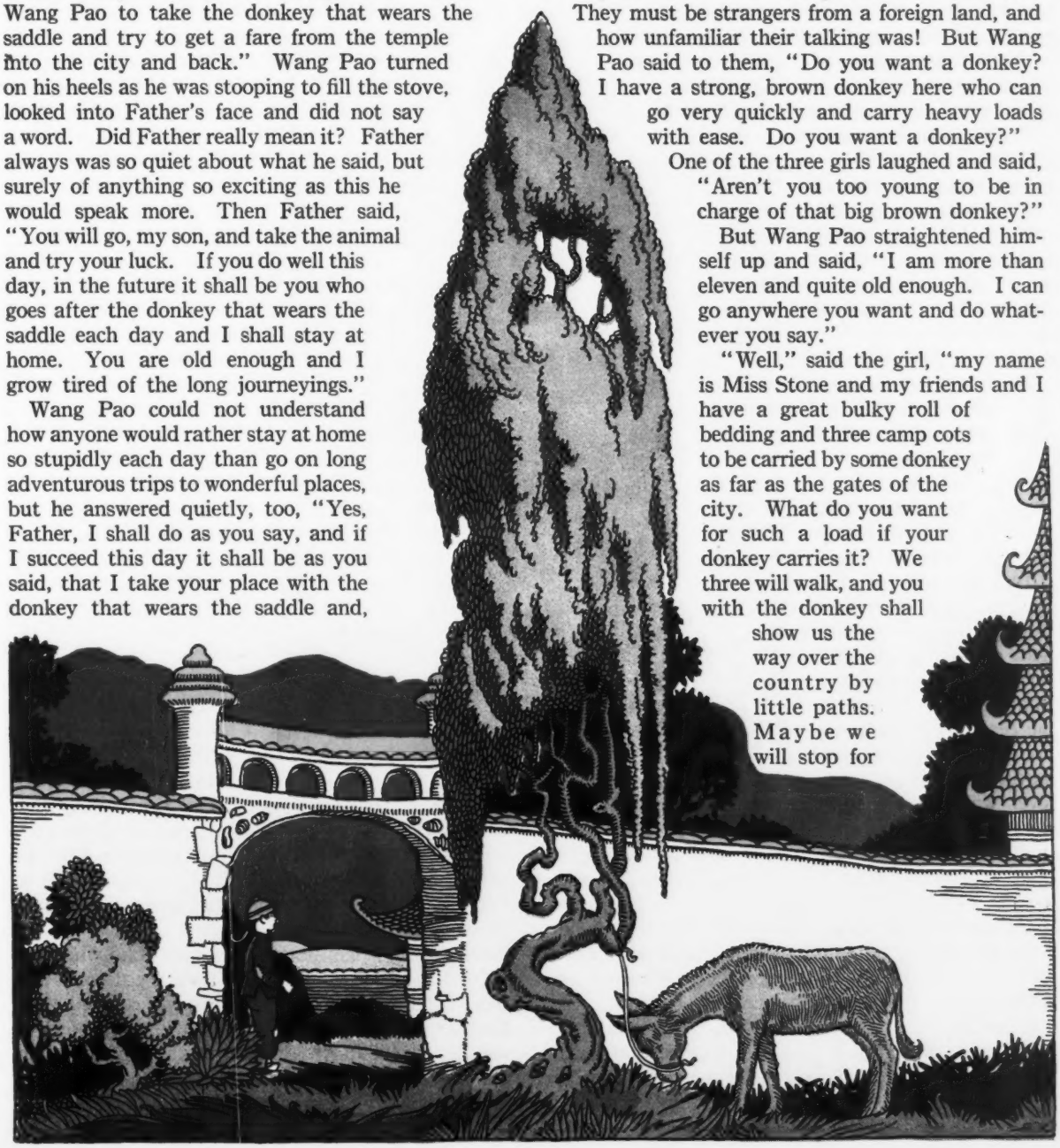
All the way along the tiny, grey path that led up to the gate of the great temple Wang Pao's heart was gay and unafraid. He knew that he would have no trouble at all. At the gate of the temple he got off the donkey and tied it to a tree near-by. Standing just inside the big green and yellow gate, with his donkey switch of horse hairs under his arm, Wang Pao peered inside.

Very soon there came a sound of chattering like the noise of many crows in a tree and then there appeared three strange-looking girls with faces of a paler color than Wang Pao had ever seen. They must be strangers from a foreign land, and how unfamiliar their talking was! But Wang Pao said to them, "Do you want a donkey? I have a strong, brown donkey here who can go very quickly and carry heavy loads with ease. Do you want a donkey?"

One of the three girls laughed and said, "Aren't you too young to be in charge of that big brown donkey?"

But Wang Pao straightened himself up and said, "I am more than eleven and quite old enough. I can go anywhere you want and do whatever you say."

"Well," said the girl, "my name is Miss Stone and my friends and I have a great bulky roll of bedding and three camp cots to be carried by some donkey as far as the gates of the city. What do you want for such a load if your donkey carries it? We three will walk, and you with the donkey shall show us the way over the country by little paths. Maybe we will stop for



a little rest by the Jade Fountain, but we must not go too slowly, for it must not be late when we get home. What is your price?"

Wang Pao liked Miss Stone. She was polite to him and her eyes were brown and smiling. He looked right at her and said, "For such a trip as that, and you know it is not short, I say that forty cents will be the price to pay me."

Miss Stone nodded her head, turned to the other two girls and spoke softly. They nodded their heads and then Miss Stone said, "Good, we will make it a bargain for forty cents, to be paid to you in silver when we arrive at the gate of the city."

In a few minutes the bedding rolls were loaded on the donkey and the girls and Wang Pao started out over the little country paths which the donkey knew well.

After a while Miss Stone came back of the donkey and walked with Wang Pao. She asked him, "How long have you been driving donkeys on this journey?" Wang Pao thought at first perhaps he should not say because the strange lady from the foreign land might think he was not able to take her safely to the gate of the city, but she looked at him so sweetly that he burst out before he really thought very much and said, "O, this is the very first time I ever was allowed to take the donkey that wears the saddle on the long journey! My father said that if I had no misfortune to-day and brought home a goodly amount of money, always I could be the one from our house to go out in the early morning with the donkey that wears the saddle and take people on the journeys they wish to make. My father and my mother are both trusting me to-day and I am being very careful."

Miss Stone was very interested. "That is fine, fine," she said. "And what is the name that your father and mother call you, little donkey driver?"

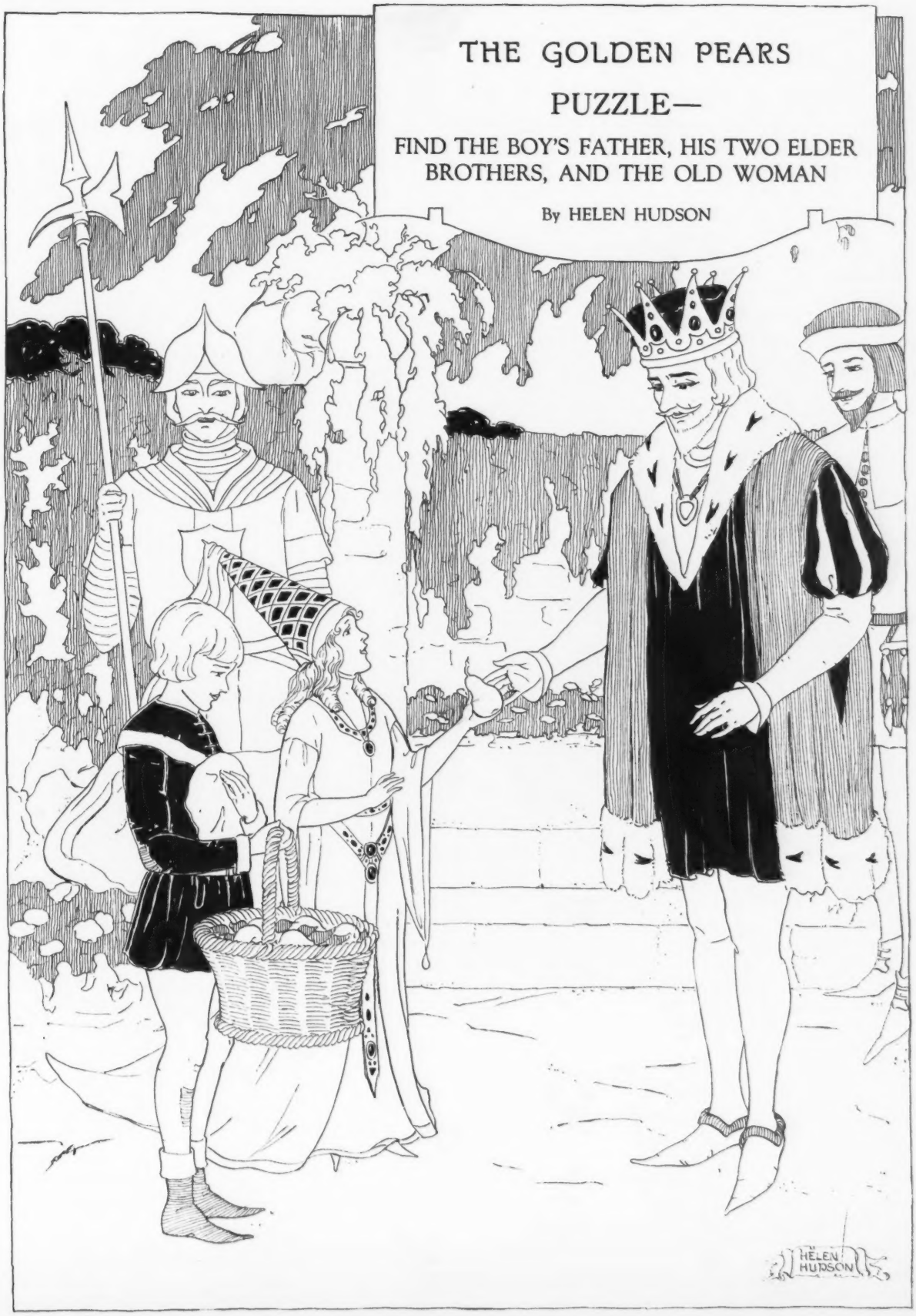
"They call me Wang Pao, but I think you had better call me just Donkey Driver, for that sounds better and I am no longer a child to be called by a child name. If you don't mind, Miss Stone, I would much rather have you call me Donkey Driver."

"Certainly, Donkey Driver," said Miss Stone, and Wang Pao was so pleased that he could not talk any more but just started yelling to his donkey, "Hit, hit," which means, "Go as fast as ever your legs can carry you."

On and on and on they went, the three girls talking together, or Miss Stone and Wang Pao talking a little about how quiet the world was and how the trees, that were turning a little yellow and spilling their leaves about them, made the grey road more beautiful. But Wang Pao could not talk much. He was really getting very tired, and he did not like to be tired. He kept thinking he must be strong enough to take the long walk back again in the afternoon. "I shall buy a great bowl of noodles at the city gate," he said to himself, "and that will make me feel better, for it seems so long since I ate my porridge."

When Wang Pao looked up again he saw that the gate of the city was very near to them. He was glad and told the donkey to hurry along. Miss Stone said, "We will stop on this side of the railroad bridge, so you need not go farther, Donkey Driver," and then Wang Pao called, "Yu Yu," to his donkey, and the three girls and the donkey and the little boy all stopped by the side of the road where a crowd of rickshas waited to take the girls and their bulky bedding roll and their three camp cots into the big city. Wang Pao sat down on the stone by the side of the road while the ricksha men took the bundles from the donkey and put them into their rickshas. He was so tired. He thought he could hardly wait to get the bowl of noodles for his lunch, and he wondered if he would ever be able to walk all the way home again. He knew that he must do it no matter how tired he was.

[Continued on page 451]


THE GOLDEN PEARS
PUZZLE—
FIND THE BOY'S FATHER, HIS TWO ELDER BROTHERS, AND THE OLD WOMAN
By HELEN HUDSON
HELEN HUDSON

THE · LITTLE · SINGING · LANTERN

By JOSEPHINE E. PHILLIPS

SALLY GREENE was one of those old-time little girls with golden braids and dreamy blue eyes who could sit for hours and hours and crochet. She generally wore a pinafore with big pockets and in one pocket there were always a piece of crocheting and a ball of thread and a shiny hook. She never got into trouble, so she never had to get out of trouble. That used to worry her brother, Jerry, who was always getting into fixes himself. He said if anything ever did happen—like an earthquake—Sally wouldn't know how to hurry or get excited.

But Jerry was wrong. Something did happen, though it wasn't an earthquake, and Jerry wasn't there at all. He happened to be back home in New Hampshire, and Sally was visiting at the old John Hancock Mansion in Boston. To be there on the seventeenth day of August, 1858, made her about the luckiest girl in the world. For that evening the whole of Boston was to be a-shine with candles and lamps and bonfires. Every home was celebrating. The great Atlantic cable was laid at last. A copper thread lay along the ocean floor, a magic carpet for the swift feet of electrical signals. Messages that had taken weeks to reach America from England could now be received in minutes. No wonder London would celebrate, and Liverpool, New York and Boston!

It almost took Sally's breath away. She hurried through her porridge-breakfast, then she hurried to the kitchen and coaxed old Black Cindy into giving her a polishing-cloth for the candlesticks.

"Aunt Cindy," she cried, as she set to work, "the first thing you know we'll be *talking* across the ocean!"

"Heaven forbid!" Black Cindy rolled her eyes skyward. "It ain't right, child, temptin' the Lawd with all such inventions. If he'd intended Europe folks to talk with America folks, what for'd he put the wide ocean between 'em? It ain't right." She shook her woolly white head until the knotted ends of her kerchief flapped like a lazy donkey's ears.

"But it's right to celebrate to-night, that's certain," Sally declared.

"There! May I shine another? We'll need ever so many if we put one in every window, and I'm glad of it. Polishing candlesticks is almost as much fun as crocheting." She patted the big bulge in her pocket.

"Huh! You 'nd your crocheting!" Cindy growled good-naturedly. "You ain't separated day nor night. Must be you've got that lambrequin most done."

Sally nodded and proudly unfolded her handiwork. Lambrequins were very much in style, and not many girls could make as good a one as this. A wide piece of lacework it was, of heavy dark cord, and when it was done it would be draped along the best mantel shelf at home.

She returned it to her pocket.

"Tell me, did Boston ever have such an illumination before, as what they plan for to-night?"

"Pshaw, yes! They celebrated for peace after the Revolution and *ev'rythin'* was lighted. Just *ev'rything*. I 'member."

"You remember? Why Aunt Cindy, that peace was in 1783, seventy-five years ago. And you told the other day that in all your sixty years—"

"Hush, chil'! Figgers? What's figgers? I say I 'member that 'lumination like yestiddy."

"But—"

"Looky here. Does you want to hear about that celebration or does you not?"

"I do, honest I do. But—"

"Then you does the ear-work and I does the mouth-work. Understan'?"

Sally nodded meekly, rubbing hard at her next candlestick.

"Waal, everybody was pretty much excited that day, 'bout signing treaties with the British. Streets was full of folks shakin' hands and lookin' happy. Somebody says, 'Let's light the old town up to-night.'

'Bonfires?' says somebody else. 'Bonfires and candles and anythin' that will light,' says ev'rybody.

"So Marse John Hancock comes home and says to polish up all these candlesticks—"

"No! Not these very ones?"

"The very same."

"But not John

Hancock himself?" broke in Sally.

"Aw right, white girl—you tell youah own story."

Aunt Cindy shoved a pie into the oven and closed the door with a bang.

"Oh, please," Sally begged. "I didn't mean to interrupt. Honestly, that's the best-looking pie I ever saw. You're about the nicest pie-maker there is. Yes, you are!"

"I ain't so bad," Cindy admitted modestly. "Waal, when the candlesticks was done, Marse Hancock brings in the lanterns and fresh candles for 'em and he says, 'Cindy, we'll light every window from the cellar to the garret and we'll light the roof, too! A lantern hung on each of them Ben Franklin lightnin' rods—"

"Ben *Franklin*," Sally gasped.

"Pshaw! Didn't you know it was Ben Franklin put them lightnin' rods on the chimneys with his own hands? A good job he did, too, except the forward front chimney one. That always was a little crooked, as you might expect from a chimney with a haunt."

Sally's eyes got so big that Aunt Cindy hurried to explain.

"Leastwise if it wasn't a haunt it was somethin' made that chimney sing whooo-oo every time there was a fire in it, and sometimes when there wasn't—"

"But wouldn't the wind—?" Sally began.

"The wind wouldn't do all that chimney did," Aunt Cindy answered firmly. "Wa-al, Marse Hancock most bawled when he found he'd need one more lantern than he had. 'Pshaw!' says I. 'There's your little birthday lantern on the parlor mantel. It's never even had a candle to it.' So Marse Hancock gets out this shiny tin lantern, all pieced-brass it is, and pretty as a dollar, and he finds a candle little enough to fit it.

"'Let's light her,' he says. And he hadn't more'n got it lit and the tiny door, that was copper, too, closed, than that lantern began to sing. Mmm-hmm!" Aunt Cindy droned monotonously.

"Sing?"

"Sing, hmmmhmm, like that. Marse Hancock was ev'ry bit as scairt as I was. His hands shook and he tried to blow out the candle without opening the silver door—"

"Silver? But you said first it was tin, then brass, then—"

"But that candle wouldn't blow out. Marse Hancock blew and blew and the candle just sang hmmhmmm. Finally he laughs and says, 'Well, you and that forward front chimney will make a good pair,' and soon as he says 'forward front chimney,' the candle blew itself out—sniff!

"'There,' says I, 'that forward chimney's jealous, Marse Hancock. Don't you dare hang that little singing lantern on that chimney.' But Marse Hancock dared. He hung it there and that night a little neighbor boy crawled out and lighted all the lanterns for the 'lumination, and in the mornin' the pretty little birthday lantern was—gone!"

"Gone where?"

Cindy shrugged her shoulders. "Swallowed by that chimney-haunt, I reckon."

Sally laughed. "Don't you suppose the neighbor boy ran off with it?"

"Peter? Peter'd never run off with anything. No, it was just that chimney." She wagged her head sorrowfully.

"It's a good story anyhow," Sally thanked her. "And a good idea. Can't we put lanterns like that on the lightning rods for to-night?"

"Indeedy, we can't!" Cindy declared. "We ain't goin' to take any chances with that whooing jealous chimney. Besides, there ain't any neighbor boys to do the lightin'. Land! Wha's that?"

Cindy had been standing by the window. Suddenly she turned away, rolling her eyes and moaning and muttering.

"My goodness! What's the matter?" cried Sally.

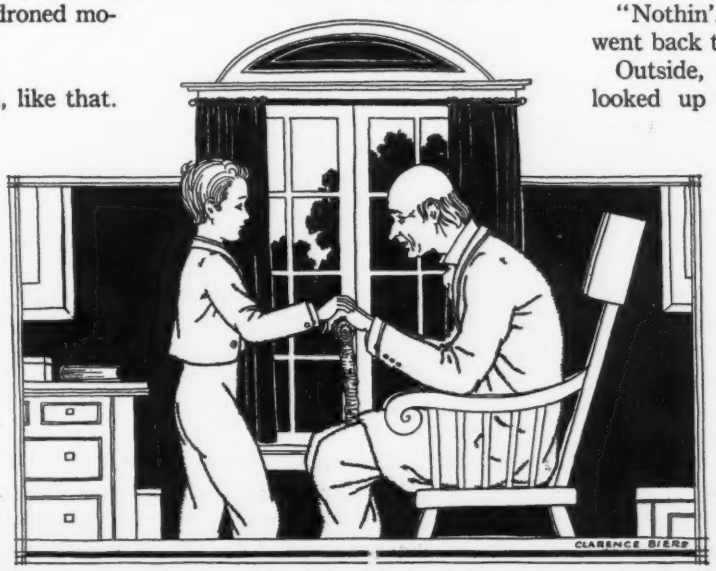
The darky pointed out the window, then drew her hand across her eyes. "Am I seein' shadows of what's gone before or is that a real live boy down by the gate?"

"A live boy," Sally laughed.

"Does he wear a fur cap?"

"A fur cap in August? Of course not. What made you think—?"

"Nothin'." And Aunt Cindy went back to her work.



Outside, the "real live boy" looked up at the great stone house and wondered if he dared. What right had he, plain Peter Poddy, to lift that gate and go up the long walk to that brass-knockered door? It was the very door that Lafayette had entered, and George Washington, and oh, many, many times the good Governor John

Hancock. Granddaddy himself remembered John Hancock. Granddaddy was an old man now, who sat by the window in their little garret room and had nothing to do all day long but remember things.

"What's new?" he had asked when Peter came in from his paper-selling that morning. And Peter had told him again of the celebration for the finishing of the Atlantic cable.

"You say there'll be bonfires and many lamps, Peter? Then that would be like the peace celebration in '83. I wish—"

Peter had stared. Granddaddy never wished anything out loud, which was what made it so hard doing things for him. One never knew—

"Tell me, what do you wish?" he asked eagerly.

Granddaddy smiled, patting his shoulder. "Nothing. I was only thinking. Since we have no candle of our own to light, how nice it would be to see the Hancock Mansion shining as it shone in '83. I could see it from here."

Peter's heart fell. Something merely hard he would have tried to do, but Granddaddy wished for the impossible. It was not for Peter Poddy to go and light the Hancock Mansion, or, was it? He must have time to think, so he asked, "How was it, that night?"

The old man's eyes shone with the remembering. "Fine, Peter boy! A silver candlestick in every window. A great time we had with those candlesticks, Cindy and I—"

"You?"

"Indeed, yes. In the old days I scampered in and out of the Hancock Mansion as if I belonged. Little Cindy was the pickaninny that kept things lively, and Big Cindy, her mammy, was the Governor's cook. One Peace Day she let us young 'uns polish candlesticks, and lanterns and—there was one lantern—" Granddaddy's brow clouded, then he chuckled. "It sang, and disappeared—swallowed, Cindy said, by the chimney it was hung on. A lantern to each chimney. I wish—"

Peter's head was full of questions, but Granddaddy had begun to nod. As soon as he was asleep, Peter stole out and down many flights of rickety stairs. He stood now by the great Hancock estate, trying to make up his mind.

"Hello!" A merry voice startled him. It was followed by a girl with blue eyes and golden braids, and yards of thick brown lace dangling from her pocket.

"Oh!" he answered, trying not to stare. "Do you belong here? Can you tell me if the mansion is to be lighted to-night as it was in '83?"

"If we could find someone to hang lanterns on the chimneys," Sally replied.

"But I'll do that!" Peter cried eagerly. "That's why I came."

"But how did you know? Have you an Aunt Cindy in your kitchen?" Sally laughed.

"No, but I've Granddaddy, and he remembers."

Already Sally was leading the way to Cindy's kitchen.

"But it won't be right to light that forward front chimney," Cindy warned, when she had heard their plans and marveled over Peter's coming just as she'd been talking of his granddaddy. "Somethin's bound to happen if you do."

Peter and Sally exchanged merry glances. They did not share the darky's fears. They would light the mansion from tip to toe, as Granddaddy had done, and as he wished it.

When night came, the pair stole with their lanterns up the stairs that led to the trapdoor onto the roof, and out. The ridge was flat there, with a low rail around. Sally had never done anything so daring in her life. She wished her brother could see her. She went as far as the rail. Below were the garret dormers, near-by were the huge chimneys. Her eyes sparkled like the stars in the sky above, like the lights that had begun to dot all the houses on Beacon Hill. Already bonfires glowed, across in the harbor.

Peter lighted a lantern for the kitchen ell, for the rear chimneys, for one front chimney. Sally watched anxiously as he swung over the rail and crept toward the mischievous one that was left. Would anything

[*Continued on page 438*]

CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS

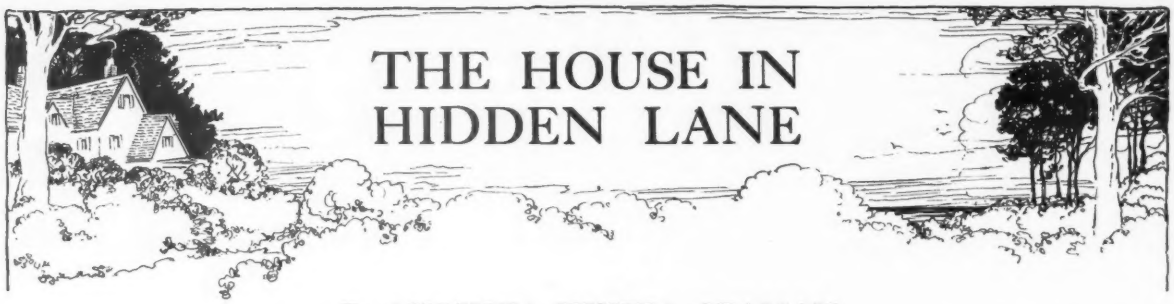
The day before school opened Chip's chums started to the lake on a picnic. Chip, left to guard the house, sang them a doleful farewell.

Just as the hot dogs were sizzling over their beach fire, another hot dog arrived upon the scene, dragging his chain and wagging a joyous tail.

Ted tried to cool him off by coaxing him into the water to take a bath, but Chip did not believe in *total* immersion.

However, when Cinders, a playful water spaniel, came along and chased him on the dock, Chip went so fast he forgot to stop.

A splash and Chip ahoy! Chip, all at sea, was soon in the swim with his chums.



THE HOUSE IN HIDDEN LANE

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "*The Secret of Tate's Beach*," "*The Adventures of the Seven Keyholes*," "*The Disappearance of Anna Shair*," "*A Book of Mysteries*," etc.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Junior and Bettina Tanner, together with their mother, Magnolia the colored maid, and their twin cousins, Lucien and Lucile Moran (more generally known as Lucky and Lulu) go to Seabranch to spend the summer in the old house, variously called "Aunt Abigail's white elephant" or the "house in Hidden Lane," because of the narrow lane overgrown with shrubbery which leads to it. The house had been willed by Great-aunt Abigail to Mrs. Moran, Junior's Cousin Annabel, on the condition that she or some other close relative occupy it for three months out of every year for fifteen years, after which time she will be free to sell it. This is the last of the fifteen years and, although they find the old house rather gloomy, they have agreed to occupy it in order that Aunt Annabel, who is spending the summer in Europe, may not lose it. Upon arriving, all of them make interesting discoveries—among them a marvelous attic, a dark and eerie loft above Magnolia's room and a curious passageway.

A letter from Aunt Annabel tells how Great Aunt Abigail had left her a collection of very worthwhile trinkets, but how after her death not a sign of them could be found. The old lady had her own curious hiding places for things, but for fourteen years Aunt Annabel had been unable to discover them. Now that she will sell the old place in another year, she hopes that the children will be interested in carrying on the search during the summer, and of course the four of them are wildly excited at the prospect. The attic, the bedroom, the cellar, a queer little loft above Magnolia's room over the kitchen and the barn yield nothing very helpful. That night, after they are in bed, Junior sits up, tense and breathless, for he has heard a step on the gravel path outside his window.

CHAPTER III
AN ALARM IN THE NIGHT

ONCE more the night wind stirred the willow, and the whip-poor-will in the darkness 'whipped-poor-will' a dozen or more times, and there was no other sound. Then there came again the distinct crunch of a cautious footstep on the gravel. This time Junior rolled softly out of bed, padded to the window on noiseless feet, and, screened by the curtain, stood staring out.

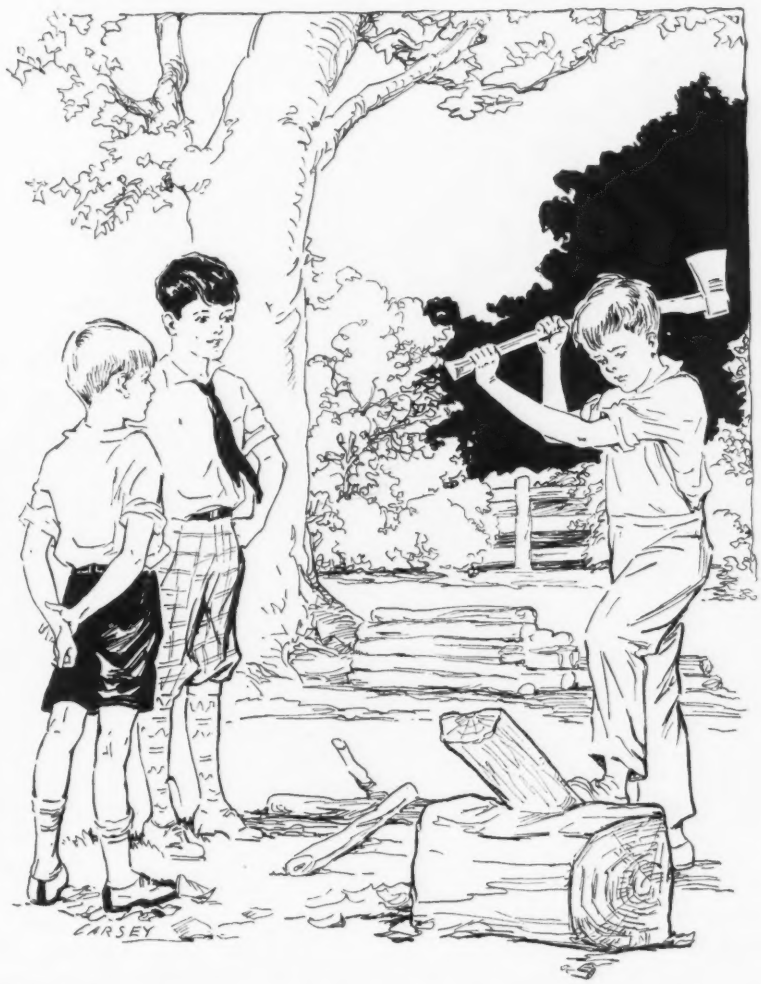
There was a low-hung waning moon setting over the trees back of the Bay. It gave just enough light to cause intense shadow under the deep foliage below. Junior's heart began to pound so loud that he was sure it could be heard. For in this shadow he was certain he saw the deeper shadow of something or someone moving stealthily between the heavy old box bushes that lined the path. Nearer and nearer it came—one step at a time—till it reached the willow tree. There, unfortunately, it was completely shut from Junior's sight. And when he again glimpsed it, it had approached the corner of the house and swiftly disappeared around it.

For one uncertain moment, Junior stood debating what he ought to do. His first impulse was to run in and waken his mother. But this he promptly discarded. In his father's absence he always felt that he must help to protect his mother from annoyance. Until he was sure of what was happening, he did not want to disturb her. It was useless to rouse Magnolia. He knew she would most likely shriek and duck her head under the bedclothes, and besides she was far off in another part of the house and he would waste useful time getting to her. Bettina and Lulu he never considered at all, of course, but he did linger a second or two over the possibility of waking Lucky and taking him into his confidence. But Lucky would probably get out of bed with a whoop and a racket and spoil everything.

All this passed through his mind in a flash. No, *this* time he must go it alone! He crept to the bed and got his electric torch from under his pillow, then scurried noiselessly out into the hall and down

the stairs. Every creaking stair-tread made him certain his mother would wake and be alarmed. But Mrs. Tanner was exhausted with her day's work, and was wrapped in deep and dreamless sleep. Junior gained the ground floor without arousing anyone, and fled through to the back porch, where he thought he would encounter the shadowy intruder, as the path turned and passed around that way.

He did not go out on the porch but crept to one of the windows of the dining room that looked out on it, sheltered himself behind a curtain and peeped out. There was nothing and no one unusual in sight for the moment. Either the intruder had not yet appeared or had already vanished that way. Junior was just beginning to think it must be the latter, when his heart began to thump again. The dark shape was creeping into view around the back of the house!



The worst of it was that it did not keep out in the open, now that it had gained the back of the house, but slid in among the bushes and shrubs, slinking close to the walls and keeping very nearly out of sight. From what Junior could glimpse of the figure, it seemed to be staring up at the house and trying to peep into the lower windows. While he was watching, he tried to make up his mind just what he should do in case the intruder showed signs of coming up on the porch, or trying to get into any of the windows. He decided finally that his best plan would be to demand in a low, stern voice, "Halt there! What are you doing?" without stepping out from behind his curtain and letting himself be seen. That ought to stop *any* burglar or night-prowler! His only worry was whether he could make his voice sound low and stern enough—or would it shake with nervousness and squeak as it usually did when he was upset?

And as it turned out, something quite different happened. The dark shape at last appeared, close to the veranda railing, and Junior realized that it must be either a very short person or someone taller, stooping as he crept along. It seemed to be wrapped in something long and dark, so that it was impossible to tell whether it were man or woman.

"I'll wait till it gets near the steps," thought Junior, "because I would really like to see it plainer if I could. Then I'll do what I planned."

But just as the figure reached the steps, a most annoying thing happened. Junior had been keeping his head half wrapped in the window curtains, and these draperies were old and heavy and very dusty. For some moments his nose had been tickling warningly but he had paid no attention to it. And then—just at the critical moment—a loud and violent *sneeze* burst from him. And whatever he had intended to accomplish in a stern and low-voiced command, the sneeze accomplished far better, except that he had no chance to get a nearer glimpse of his intruder. For, after one startled second of hesitation, the figure turned and ran, crouching close to the bushes, and disappeared in the denser shrubbery around at the side of the house.

Junior was mad enough to have bitten his own head off—had that feat been possible! But as it wasn't, he had to swallow his wrath as best he could. And he darted out into the hall and around to the side of the house in the vain hope of getting a glimpse of his intruder through the living-room window. But the figure had disappeared—and there

was no further sign of it. Junior prowled around the lower floor with his flashlight, till his mother called sleepily from the stairs.

"What on *earth* are you roaming around for, Junior? Go back to bed at once!" And to his repeated declaration that he had seen someone around outside, she only insisted that he must have been dreaming and that he must come upstairs right away. And so he finally did, beginning himself to believe that perhaps he had indeed been dreaming. But he slept uneasily the rest of the night, and woke in the morning with the firm determination to be on guard for the intruder that night and possibly to take Lucky into his confidence to help.

After breakfast that morning, leaving Bettina and Lulu with Magnolia, Mrs. Tanner took the two boys with her to the village to help her with the errands and carry back with them a heavy basket of supplies. Before she did her shopping, however, she decided to call on old Mrs. Lowry, the woman who had once been employed by Aunt Abigail. Mrs. Tanner herself remembered Mrs. Lowry as having worked for Aunt Abigail, and thought it would be a kind thing to call and inquire about her, since she was now so old and feeble. She remembered Mrs. Lowry as a silent, rather cross and irritable woman who spoke but seldom as she went about her work, but seemed very kind and devoted to Aunt Abigail. After inquiries at the general store they found Mrs. Lowry's house and the old woman herself rocking on the porch. Inside could be heard some children's voices and another woman scolding one of them for tracking in mud on the kitchen floor.

Mrs. Tanner introduced herself and the children to the old woman in the rocking chair and told why she had come. But far from showing any enthusiasm, Mrs. Lowry greeted her somberly, stared at them all sharply from under a pair of alarmingly bushy white eyebrows, and remarked that she supposed they found the house pretty old and creaky and uncomfortable nowadays.

"The roof'll probably leak, come the first bad storm," she prophesied gloomily. "It always did—since the old lady's gone. Mis' Annabel never did bother to get it fixed proper. Old Mis' Lizzie Greeley—*she* didn't mind—it wasn't over *her* bedroom that it leaked! But you'll probably have to get a carpenter before the season's over." There was more of similar discouraging talk, and Mrs. Tanner tried to listen patiently.

Meanwhile, Junior and Lucky had roamed around to the side of the house and stood trying to make the acquaintance of a boy of about Junior's age, who was chopping wood. He had brilliant red hair and freckles that covered his face, a turned-up nose and bright blue eyes. But he too seemed unfriendly and disinclined to be sociable, answering only with a gruff 'Yes' or 'No' or a shake of his head to their well-meant overtures. So at last they gave it up and strolled off.

It was only when they were nearly around the corner again that he called out to them, "I'll be over to your place soon—if you want me to!"

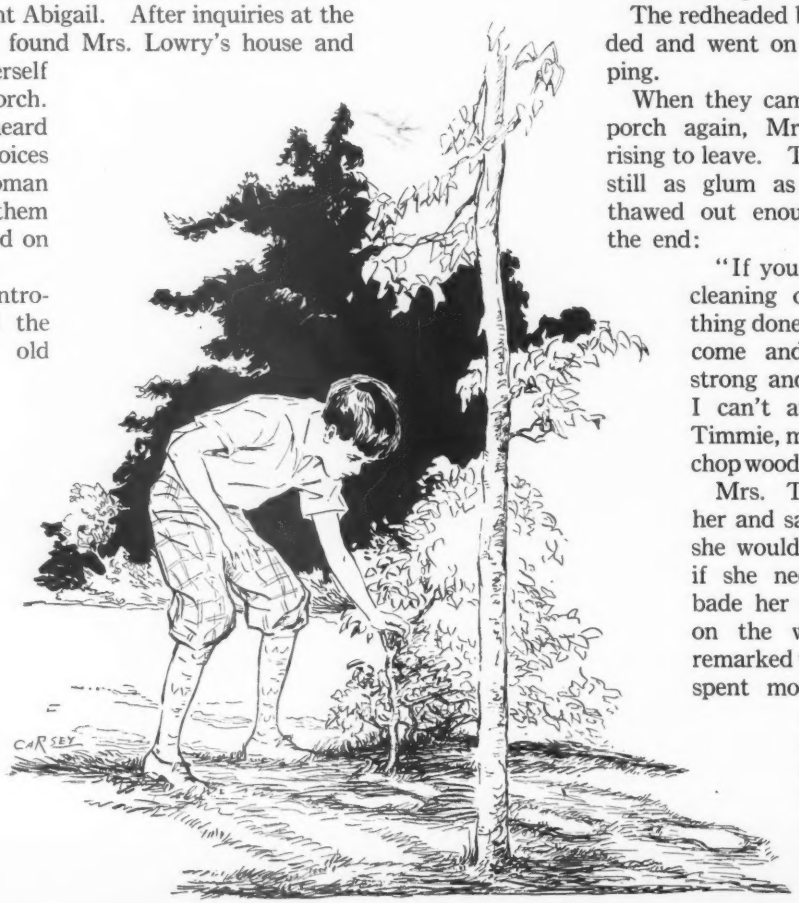
Both were almost too astonished to reply to this remarkable change of attitude, but Junior remembered his manners in time to answer, "Sure! Come on any time. We're going to build a big toy sailboat pretty soon. Start this afternoon, I guess. You can help."

The redheaded boy merely nodded and went on with his chopping.

When they came round to the porch again, Mrs. Tanner was rising to leave. The old lady was still as glum as ever, but she thawed out enough to offer at the end:

"If you need any extra cleaning or that sort of thing done, my daughter'll come and do it. She's strong and likes to work. I can't any more. And Timmie, my grandson, can chop wood or run errands."

Mrs. Tanner thanked her and said vaguely that she would let them know if she needed help, and bade her good-day. But on the way home, she remarked to the boys, "She spent most of her time saying unpleasant things about Cousin Annabel. I guess I've seen all I want of her,



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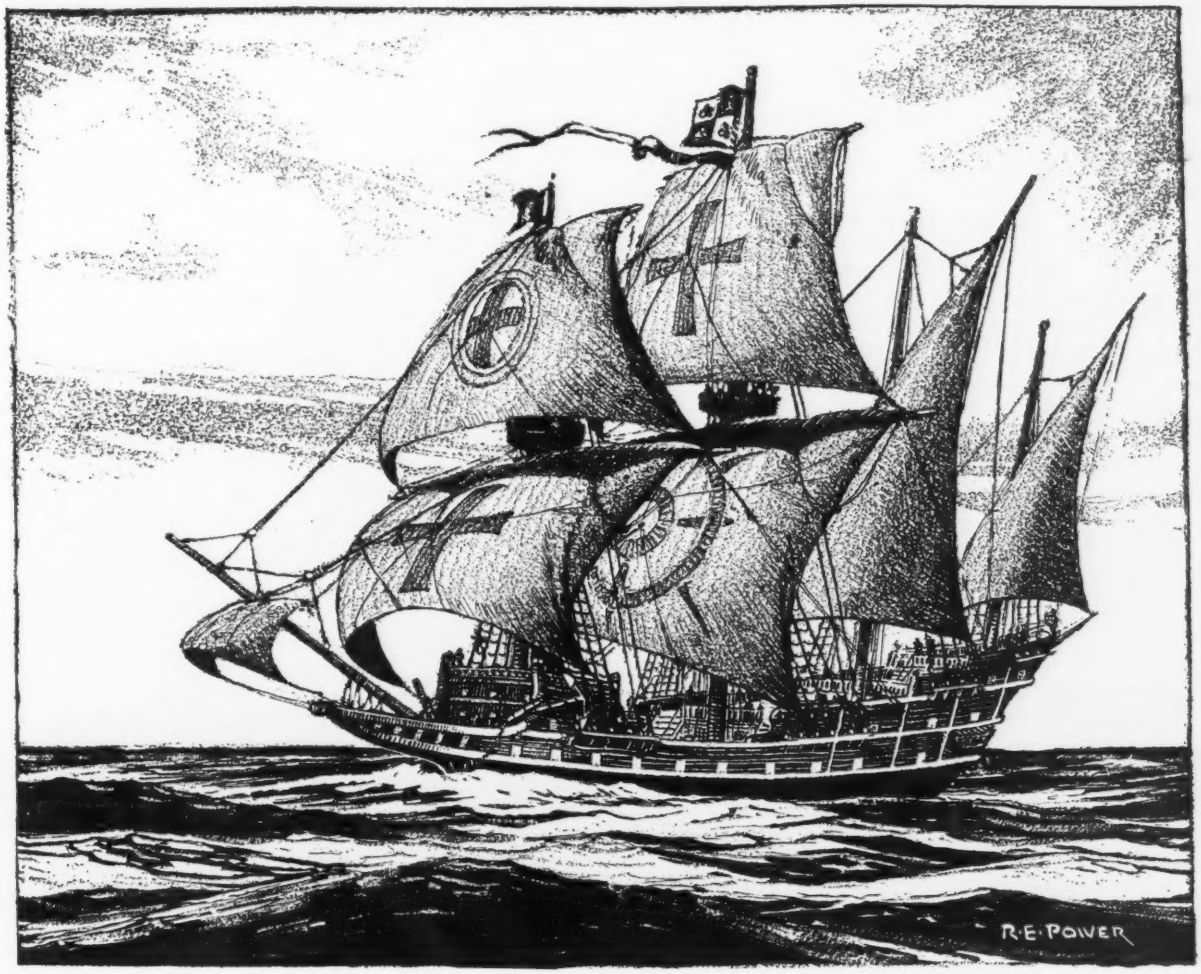

SAILING SHIPS

III. A SPANISH GALLEON

By RALPH E. POWER

THESE great ships of the sixteenth century were, beyond question, a decided improvement over any of the older ships. They sailed faster and were easier to handle than the short, wide-beamed tubs they replaced. This was partly because they were four times as long as they were wide instead of three times the width, as many of the old ones measured. They were larger, too. Some of them stretched over 150 feet from bow to stern, with a beam or width of thirty-five to forty feet.

With massive frames of oak and heavy planking, they weathered the storms that piled the sea into mountainous waves. With three and often four masts rigged with immense sails, they drove along, making eight or nine miles an hour with favorable winds. This was fast, considering their blunt, rounded bows which literally pushed the waves before them, instead of cutting through, as later ships did with their sharp knife-like bows.

There were towering structures built above the main part of the hull, one at the stern or after end and one forward at the bow. The one aft was for the officers and important passengers and the one forward for the crew. Below were cargoes and spaces where they might carry colonists and soldiers. Cannons were ranged along the sides for protection against enemy war-ships and pirates. Holes or gun ports pierced the sides, so the gun crews could run the muzzles out and fire them when they had to fight. With sails decorated with heraldic devices of the nations, flags and pennants streaming in the wind, gilded carvings on the stern and sides, they plowed through the waves, sending spray flying. They were gorgeous sights flashing in the sun. England, France and the Netherlands held the lead among the nations in ship-building and should have credit for what was being accomplished in that line.

Right here is a good time to consider what an important place in history is occupied by ships.

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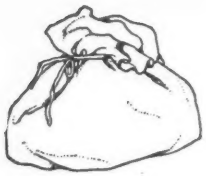


GOLD ISLAND

by J. HOWARD SWAIN

"GOLD ISLAND! The very thing!" John Ronback spun the wheel of the outboard motor at the stern of their tiny rowboat.

Gold Island! Even the name had conjured up visions to the minds of both John and his friend, David Graham, since John's dad had kept them enthralled the evening before with stories of the historic rush of gold-seekers to the island about the year 1880.

That the thin streaks of the precious metal had quickly petered out mattered little to the two boys. That the old diggings had long been abandoned and the island deserted mattered less.

The trip smacked of adventure—real adventure to the boys who had fished and swum to their heart's content in the glistening, far-reaching waters of Lake Vermillion every single day of the first two weeks of their vacation there. It was a vacation that was to last the whole summer, for Mr. Ronback had taken the rustic cottage upon the sandy shores of the lake for the season, and planned to drive up from the city and join his family every week-end. And the fact that meager traces of the yellow dust could still be found there only whetted the boys' interest the more.

John, because he was one year older, was captain of the boat Mr. Ronback had provided for the boys' pleasure, but David had proved so capable a first mate that Mr. Ronback had offered no objections when John had asked if they might visit the island.

Through the shimmering waters their little craft glided, as they headed for the hazy outline five miles distant. Five miles? It seemed five hundred to the boys, but finally John nosed the tiny boat into a sandy beach and the two sprang ashore. And then a feeling of disappointment crept right down to their toes.

"I don't see any gold here," David muttered plaintively.

"Nor do I," John mumbled, as he surveyed the tree-studded, steep sides of the island. "But you won't find gold lying at your feet like city pavements, and it won't fall from the trees!"

"Well, what'll we do?"

"What'll we do? Why, hunt for it, of course."

"Well, seeing you know so much about it, lead on."

But their gold-seeking was forgotten for a moment, as they stepped, with much crackling and snapping of the dried, brittle twigs, into the thick, enveloping brush. A great bull-moose crashed through the heavy, second-growth timber. Thrilled, they watched it swiftly cross the sandy beach and flounder into the lake, to swim rapidly away, its great head and antlers a thing of majesty above the waters.

"Oh, isn't he a beauty?" gasped David.

"Sure is," John agreed as he recovered from his surprise. "And we found something on Gold Island to tell Dad about, anyway!"

And then, as they climbed, in the steep sides they came upon the abandoned tunnels and the tumble-down shacks of the early explorers.

"Wish we had brought a flash light, or even candles," grumbled John as the blackness of a tunnel stretched before them.

"Well, we didn't. But say, John, why not explore the cabins? That'll be fun, anyway."

"That's no place to explore. Any sissy can explore a cabin!"

But David was persistent, and one of the old buildings attracted his attention—perhaps because it bore more of a semblance to the original structure its owner had constructed than did the remains of the more flimsy shacks. He at once made for it.

It had been built with an eye to protection against the cruel snows and sub-zero temperatures of the region near the Canadian border, yet even its stout log walls, now moss-grown and

rotted, had begun to crumble, and its roof had tumbled in.

The fallen roof formed an effective barricade to the door and the one window the cabin boasted, but that did not bother David. He quickly scaled the wall at the corner where the log ends crossed, to balance precariously upon the slippery, moss-grown top and call, "O-o-o-ee! O-o-o-ee! John!" and then lose his footing and suddenly disappear.

He slid down the tumbled-in roof to crash heavily through its rotted boards. Breathless, but unhurt, he tried to extricate himself as John's grinning face appeared over the top of the log wall.

"Some explorer, I'll say! Didn't hurt yourself?"

"No-o! B-b-but I guess you'll have to help me. My foot is fast on something. Stuck through a floor board, I guess."

And so it proved. David's foot had crashed through the rotted floor and was now pinioned so that, though he could move it freely, any attempt to withdraw it brought it against the jagged edges of the boards.

John had hastily clambered down and was soon busy tearing the rotted roof away from his chum's leg. He quickly had a hole big enough to crawl through and then, even in the semi-darkness under the fallen roof, it was but the work of minutes to clear away the boards binding David's foot.

"There!" He grunted with satisfaction, as David quickly withdrew his freed foot. Then, as the two peered into the opening into which daylight now freely streamed, surprised exclamations broke from both.

A leather sack lay bared to their astonished gaze.

John, recovering somewhat from his surprise, reached for the sack and found it exceedingly heavy. "Gold, I bet!" he gasped as he tugged to bring it from its hiding place.

And then, about the buckskin thong that bound it, his gaze fell on a ring of tarnished gold, a plain, heavy gold band. "Look—look here, David!" he yelled in his excitement as he untied the thong, to disclose the grains of dust the sack held.

The two boys stared in bewilderment at each other for some minutes, then at the sack again.

"I wonder who hid it?" said John at last, but his chum only shook his head. "Perhaps there is more."

A hurried search revealed little beyond the few utensils and the ruined, crude furnishings the cabin still held. On the way home they wondered about its long-gone owner, and how much their find was worth. They burst in on Mrs. Ronback with the surprising tale of their discovery.

"It's ours now, isn't it, Mother?" questioned John eagerly.

"Well, John, that is a rather knotty question to answer offhand. Of course, after so many years it will be almost impossible to find the owner. He is most likely dead, but he may have left heirs. And, if they can prove ownership it belongs to them."

"But, Mother, 'finders keepers; losers weepers!'" John exclaimed.

Mrs. Ronback smiled. "Of course, you can keep it until they appear, and I think it would be the proper thing to make every possible effort to locate them. But we will say no more of it until Dad returns."

But Dad was even briefer. "No, son, I don't believe I will advise you what you ought to do, or you either, David. Do what you think you ought to. All I ask is that you let me know what you decide!"

But, as he studied the tarnished ring, he suggested, "If you clean this you may possibly find some trace of ownership."

Acting upon the suggestion, the boys came back triumphant.

"Dad, there are initials inside! 'C. P. to J. M.'"

Dad smiled. "I thought it quite possible," he said quietly.

"And, Dad, we have decided to try and locate the owner. Just think, we may even get a reward! Will you place an ad for us?"

Mr. Ronback's eyes held a proud light as they glanced at his wife's quiet, happy smile.

"I certainly will, son," he said softly.

But the advertisement and also the boys' eager inquiries through the weeks that followed all proved

fruitless. And though the boys made many trips to Gold Island, nothing more exciting happened until one day, as they neared the mainland, a storm sprang up with sudden fury.

Their tiny boat making little headway against wind and wave, David brought out the oars to ply them with such vigor that, missing the sweeping crest of a wave, he caught a crab. Before he had recovered himself the oar had slipped from the rowlock and was gone.

And then, of all times, their little engine suddenly balked. Unmanageable, the little craft bobbed on the storm-tossed waters as David tinkered in vain with the motor. Broadside to wind and wave, each white-capped crest threatening to swamp their tiny shell, they cast anxious eyes ashore, to see a boat put out.

Nearer and nearer the boat crept steadily towards them. The rower, rowing with bold, sweeping strokes, must have seen their plight and was now coming to their aid, as John struggled with the single oar to keep the nose of their boat into the wind.

David, looking up, exclaimed in admiration, "Say, but he can pull an oar!"

"Why, if it isn't a girl!" said John, and there was grudging respect in the boy's tone.

A girl it was, and a very capable girl. Without ado she swept past their bow and, heaving a line to John with sure aim, took up her oars to again battle fiercely against the elements, until she finally nosed her boat into the shore, to spring out and haul their helpless craft up after her.

A big, healthy-looking girl of about sixteen years, she laughed gaily as she looked down upon the boys. "That was fun, though it might not have been," she said as she caught the admiration in the boys' glances.

"No, I guess not," John answered soberly. "I was scared more than once, and I don't know how to thank you!"

"Oh, I just love to be on the lake." The girl laughed happily.

"Do you live here?" asked John.

"Yes. Just Mother and I. I've often watched you boys heading for Gold Island and I've longed to go there myself, but Mother and I have so little time left."

"Oh! It must be awfully lonely!"

"Not often. We're usually too busy, but—sometimes I—" she stopped.

"We'd be glad to take you along, any time. We don't often get stuck, Miss—?"

The girl laughed. "June Merton," she said.

"June Merton!" A wondering question flashed in John's mind. He was remembering the initials, J. M.

The girl laughed again. "And what is so amazing about that?" she asked.

"Why, nothing particular, but it seemed strange that you should be interested in Gold Island, too!"

"Well, that is one reason why Dad took the homestead here, before he died. It seems that Grandfather Merton came up here during the gold rush, and was never heard of again. Dad found the cabin he occupied for many years, but that was all. I believe it is still there."

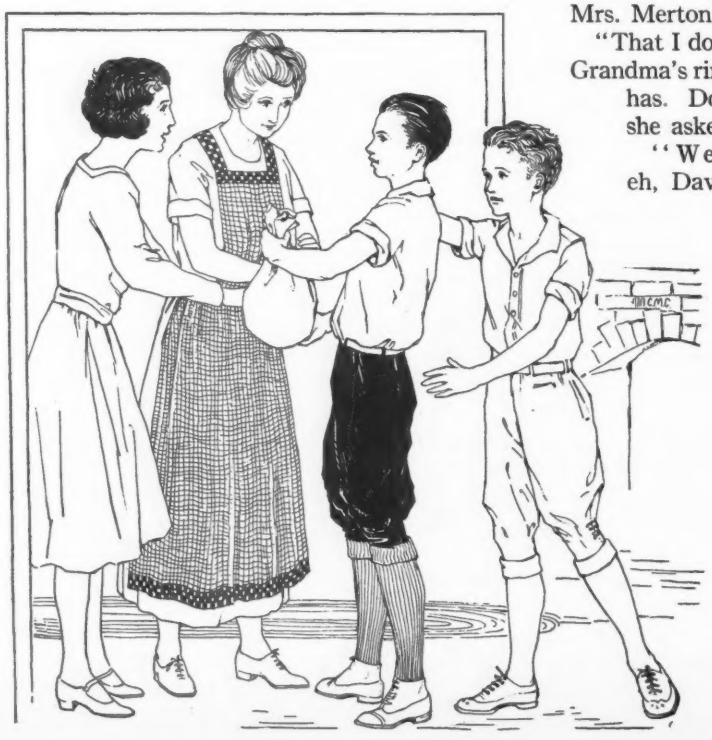
"Did your grandfather have a ring?" David now questioned, breathlessly.

The girl seemed amused by his eagerness. "I don't know. But, perhaps Mother will. Why?"

"May we see her?"

"Of course, you may." She led the way to the house and introduced them to her mother. "Here are the boys that go over to Gold Island so often. And—now don't be surprised, Mother—they want to know if Granddad ever had a ring."

"Why, yes. Granddad always wore the plain gold band that Mother Merton gave him on their wedding day. She often remarked about it being a fair exchange."



"Did it have initials inside, Mrs. Merton?" John now asked.

"That I don't know, but I have Grandma's ring here, and that one has. Do you care to see it?" she asked, smiling.

"We certainly do, eh, David?"

David nodded, and a minute later the boys stared at each other, as they looked up from the ring which upon its inner circle bore the letters, "J. M. to C. P."

"Oh, Mrs. Merton, may June go along with us to see Mother, right away? She will want to thank June for saving us, and perhaps she will have a surprise

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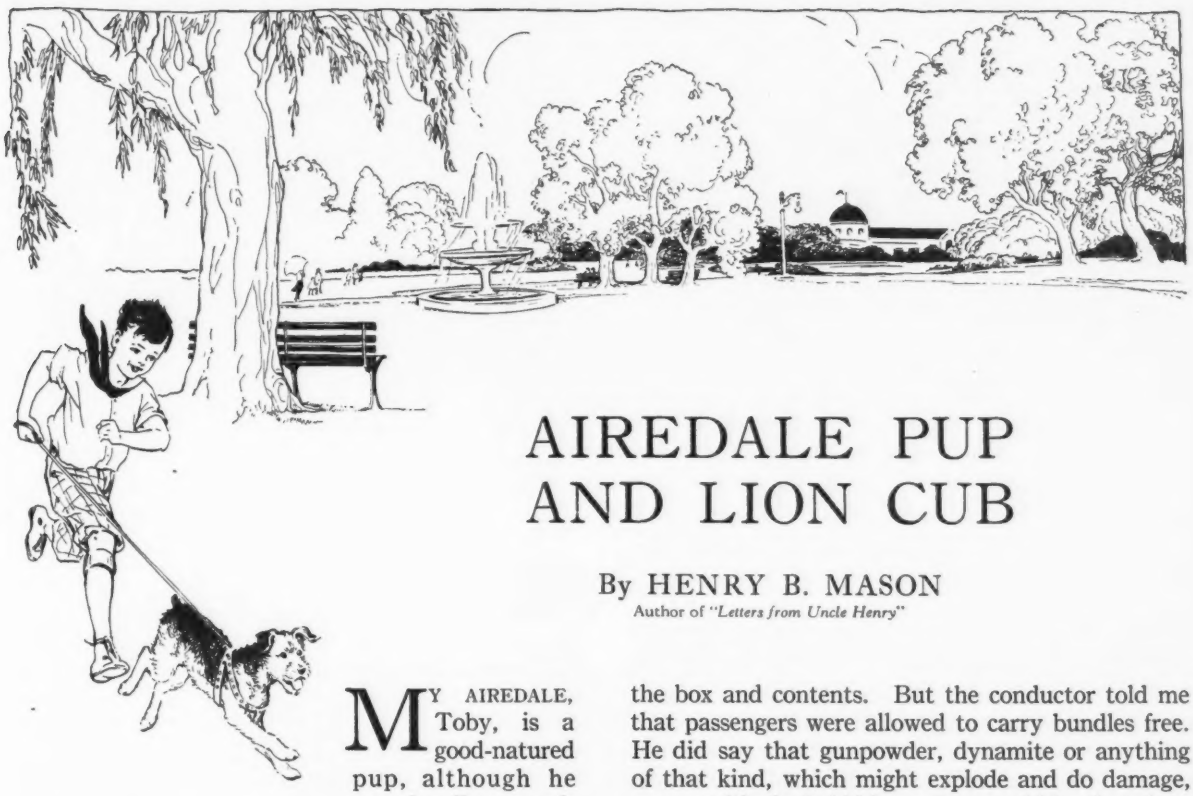


AIREDALE PUP AND LION CUB

By HENRY B. MASON
Author of "*Letters from Uncle Henry*"

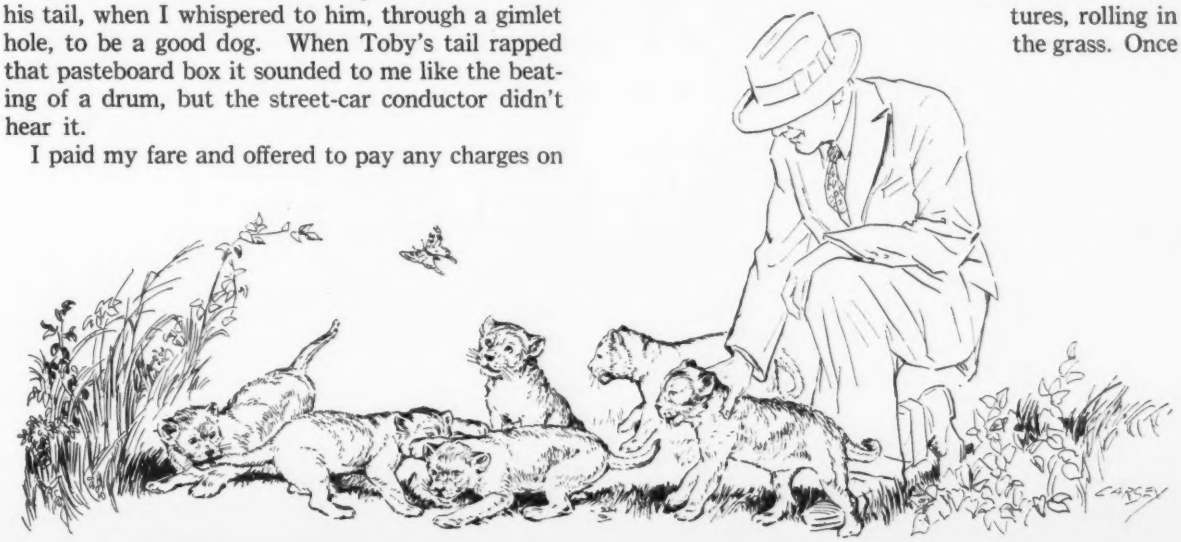
MY AIREDALE, Toby, is a good-natured pup, although he occasionally growls at his muzzle, hanging on its nail in the hall. The reason for that is, he dislikes muzzles. He doesn't think much of his leash either, which hangs on the next nail.

Toby pricked up his ears when I talked of showing him the park. He thought it would be fun to see the animals. The question was, how to get him there. Our house is a long way from the park. However, I hit upon a plan. I took a street car and smuggled Toby along in a pasteboard box, which my mother gave me; it used to hold her summer hat. I punched holes in the box with a gimlet, so that Toby could breathe. He thumped the box with his tail, when I whispered to him, through a gimlet hole, to be a good dog. When Toby's tail rapped that pasteboard box it sounded to me like the beating of a drum, but the street-car conductor didn't hear it.

I paid my fare and offered to pay any charges on the box and contents. But the conductor told me that passengers were allowed to carry bundles free. He did say that gunpowder, dynamite or anything of that kind, which might explode and do damage, were positively forbidden. I assured him that there was no danger of explosion.

I lugged the box off the car, when we came near the park. There I tipped Toby out. He was glad to look around and stretch his legs. Then I put his leash and muzzle on him. When the park policeman saw Toby and me heading for the park he seemed doubtful at first whether he would allow us to enter, because Toby was trying to claw the muzzle off. The muzzle held though, so the policeman smiled and motioned for us to come in. I smiled, too, and Toby wagged his tail.

In we went and soon came on six little creatures, rolling in the grass. Once



in a while, they tried to waddle off but didn't make much headway. The park superintendent was giving them a sun bath, for their health.

He told me that they were lion cubs and so they were, although I could hardly believe my eyes, to see six little lions loose in the park. But their eyes had only been open a few days and they had never tasted meat, so they were perfectly harmless. I offered to lead Toby away for fear of bothering the cubs, but the superintendent said to let Toby play with them, because Toby seemed to be a very good-natured dog. Toby is.

Toby playfully pawed the cubs and they pawed back in high good humor. Probably they thought that Toby was a lion, too. An Airedale's hair looks something like a lion's.

Tom Clark, the superintendent, is a very pleasant man. He patted Toby and allowed that Toby was a full-blooded Airedale, with a perfect saddle. Saddle means the dark hair on an Airedale's back. Tom told me he had an Airedale, about as good as Toby, but admitted that Toby's ears are better. Tom guessed Toby's age just right—three months old, at that time.

Presently Tom carried the cubs to the animal house to be with their mother.

The sight of those little lions certainly paid Toby and me for our trouble in getting to the park. I had hidden the box in a thick bush. It stayed safe there, while Toby and I were playing with the cubs. Then I boxed Toby up again and we went home the same way we came.

Our next visit to the park was three months later, because, in the meantime, Toby and I took our summer vacation in the north woods. We visited the park the very day we returned to the city. Toby had grown too large for me to lug him in a box, so I dressed him up like a Chinese baby. My sister has a big doll, made in China. She lent Toby the doll's clothes and added a lace scarf. We tucked the scarf into Toby's hood, so as to hide his nose and ears. The street-car conductor saw part of Toby's yellow face, but that's the right color for a Chinese baby. I held my baby on my lap. When I paid my fare, I offered to pay Toby's too, but the conductor told me children, under three years of age, go free. Toby and I smiled at each other, to hear Toby called a child, when he is really a pup.

After we left the street car I hid Toby's baby clothes in a grassy hollow at the foot of an elm tree and covered them with leaves.

When Toby and I entered the park, we thought maybe we would find the little lions on the grass, as we did on our first visit, but this time, unfortunately, they were in the animal house. Dogs are not allowed within the animal house for fear of exciting the animals. So I tied Toby to a tree and told him to stay there like a good dog, while I went inside. Toby watched me earnestly until I disappeared through the door.

I found the cubs in a cage by themselves, away from their mother who was ill. The cubs were wide awake in their cage. They were full of fun and had doubled in size, since I saw them the first time.

Toby generally minds, but not always. This was the time when he didn't. It was more than young Toby could bear to be kept away from those friendly little lions.

Toby slipped his collar and crept into the animal house. The first thing I knew, Toby was squeezing himself between the bars of the cage. I looked with perfect horror, as he pulled himself through. Toby then pounced playfully on the group of cubs, some sparring at each other with their paws, others lying on their backs and pulling their own tails, for fun. To my great relief, the cubs gave Toby a joyful welcome. Evidently they remembered the time when he played with them on the grass. Dog and cubs now rolled over and over, in a frolic on the hay, which covered the floor of the cage.

Toby had no right to be there, though. I called him in a low tone but earnestly. He hated to leave the cubs, because he was having a good time. However, he did shove himself slowly through the bars, stern first. I helped him out by dragging at his tail. I tucked him under my jacket, as much of him as would go there. Several legs and his tail showed, but nobody happened to notice. The people had just gone out to see the trained elephant carry children on his back.

There were two attendants in the animal house,

but they were busy at the farther end, combing the big baboon with a curry comb. The baboon liked it. He sprawled his legs and rolled his eyes. I carried Toby out without detection. However, nobody tried to make us pay a fine. When we came out of the park, we found Toby's baby clothes, where we had hid them. Toby became a make-believe Chinese baby again and went home with me, on the street car.

There happened to be the same conductor as before. This time he tickled Toby under the chin and asked could baby talk. I answered, not much.

When we arrived home, I told the family all about our adventure. Toby himself listened to the story with a waggish look and gazed at the people to see how they took it. When they laughed, Toby grinned and thumped the sitting-room rug with his tail.

Now, I'll tell what happened two months later. Toby and I had intended to go in swimming that Saturday morning, at the foot of our street. We live half a block from the lake. Toby started first, because he didn't have to bother about any bathing suit. I was going in to put mine on, but stubbed my toe on the back porch and was hopping around on one foot, holding the other foot in my hand.

While I was standing on one leg I heard Toby barking on the lake shore, in a tone of joyful surprise. Toby kept on barking and I knew, by the direction of the sound, that he was running home through the alley. Our back fence is a high lattice-work arrangement, with a top rail. Toby clambered up the fence—Airedales are good climbers—and balanced himself a minute on the rail. As he clung there, he looked down the alley and barked an invitation for a friend to follow him.

The friend cleared the fence with one mighty bound. I thought he was the largest St. Bernard dog I had ever seen. The next minute, I perceived that he was a half-grown lion. From my position on the porch, I tried to quell that lion by the power of the human eye, but I didn't have to do that. The lion wasn't feeling at all ferocious, only playful. He skipped over Toby's head a couple of times. Then he and Toby chased each other around the yard in dizzy circles. I shouted to them to look out for my mother's flower bed, but the warning came too late. They crashed into a bush and sent a shower of full-blown roses over the lawn.

One of the punishments I give Toby when he gets into mischief is to send him down cellar. He knows what I mean when I tell him to go there. I yelled that to him this time, hoping that the lion would follow. To my great joy, the lion did. Toby and the lion dashed into the cellar and I pushed the electric button on the porch, which shuts and locks the cellar door.

The cellar windows have iron bars to keep people out. The bars would have been equally good to keep that lion in. However, he didn't try to escape, but was perfectly contented to stay there awhile with his friend, Toby. Toby had had his breakfast, before he went in swimming. The lion wasn't hungry either. I'll tell you why, in a minute. Dog and lion curled up on some torn canvas, which used to be a tent. They both fell asleep, as I perceived by peering through the window.

From the friendship between Toby and the lion I knew that the lion must be one of the cubs, with whom Toby had played in the park. So our family telephoned at once for Tom Clark, asking him whether he had lost a lion, because we had found one. Tom motored to our house in surprisingly quick time. Hitched to his automobile was a cage on wheels. When wild animals are shipped to the city for the park zoo, the cage is trundled down to the freight depot, to carry them to the park.

This time Tom opened the door of the cage and backed the cage to our cellar door. I pressed the electric button on our porch and the cellar door flew open. Tom called to the lion, who immediately hopped into the cage, with Toby leaping after him. A cage seemed like home to that young lion, because he was born and brought up

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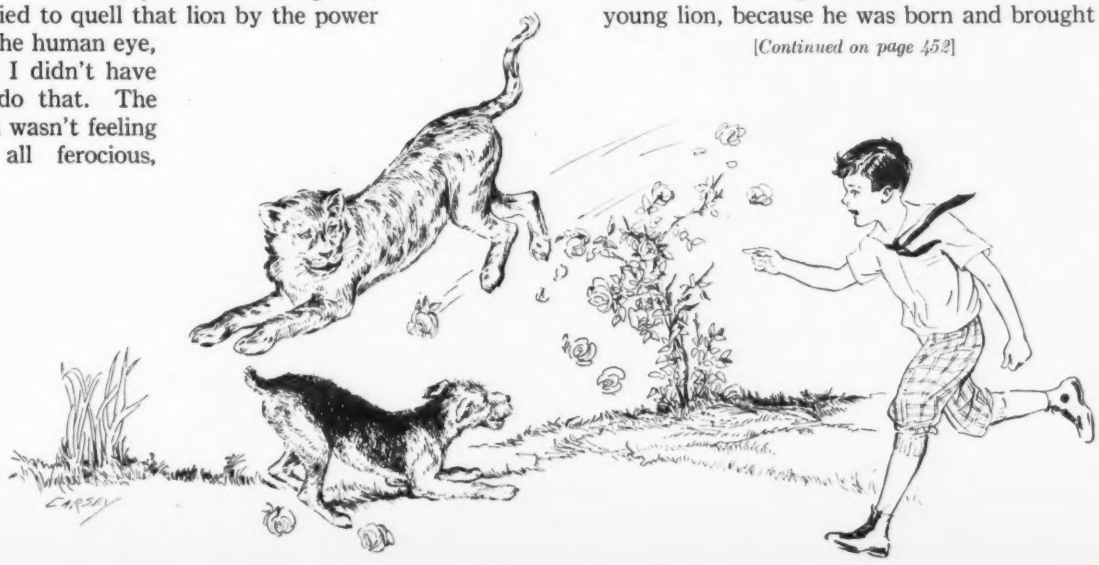
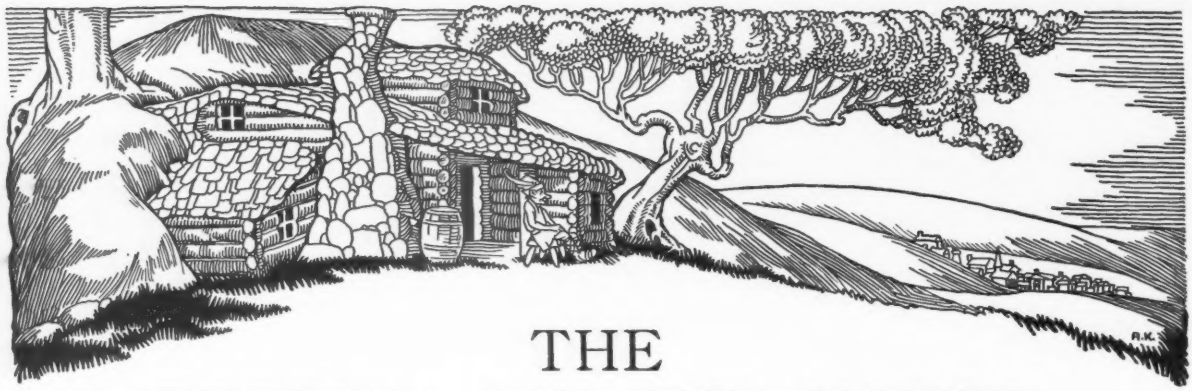




THE BROOLIN AND THE SUNSET

By GWYNNE DRESSER

THE Broolin lived all by himself in a log shack on a hilltop. He was rather a brown and wrinkled person, with thin knobbly legs, and big feet; but he had a most appealing smile and soft loving eyes like a dog's. He called himself the Broolin—why, I don't know; he didn't even know himself. But everything has to have a name, and I imagine he figured that this was as good as any.

Because he lived alone and had nothing much to keep him busy, he used to think of the most amazing things to do; and the queer part of it was that he could always do them. Every idea that came into his head, no matter how extraordinary, he could always carry out.

Thus it happened that one evening, to amuse himself, he was climbing a tree that grew back of his house. It was a poplar tree—a very, very huge one. Up he went through the branches, laughing as he went because the silvery leaves tickled his face—the Broolin never could keep from laughing when he was tickled—and now and then peering down toward the ground to see how far up he had gone. Before long he reached the top, and sat teetering on the uppermost branch, quite surprised at what he saw. It was the sunset, hanging right up in front of him! By holding on to the tree top, he could stretch out one hand and touch the pinky softness.

He had never seen anything so beautiful as this flaming curtain that shimmered across the sky within arm's reach of him. Again he cautiously put out his hand, and this time he caught hold of a corner—a velvety-feeling corner at the lower edge. Right then the Broolin had one of his ideas. He would take down this sunset curtain and sell strips of it to people! Many a time he had heard someone say, looking at the evening sky, "How I should like a dress of that." It would be a nice thing to do, the Broolin decided, because not only would it give pleasure to a lot of folks, but it would also give him some pennies with which to buy chocolate peppermints which he liked to eat better than anything else.

So he held on firmly to the corner of the curtain, and gave a gentle little pull. Nothing happened, so he pulled again, harder this time. There was a ripping sound overhead, but still the sunset hung across the sky; so finally the Broolin gave a big yank, and the whole shining curtain came tumbling down on top of him. He almost fell out of the tree trying to disentangle himself from the soft cloudiness; but after a while he got it all wound up in a neat roll, and, managing to tuck the large bundle under one arm, awkwardly climbed down from the poplar.

After he had eaten his supper, he spread the big curtain out on the floor of his shack, in order to cut it into strips for people to buy. He found a pair of old kitchen shears, and began snipping away. The scissors were dull and left the edges a little jagged, but the Broolin thought it made quite an artistic effect, and was very much pleased. The first strip was rose-colored with flecks of silver sprinkled through it; the second was a creamy yellow edged with gold; the next one was lavender, shading off into pale green at one corner. No two strips were exactly alike; and by the time he had finished cutting, the Broolin had it all figured out that he could buy at least ten pounds of chocolate peppermints with the money he would make selling so many gorgeous strips of sunset.

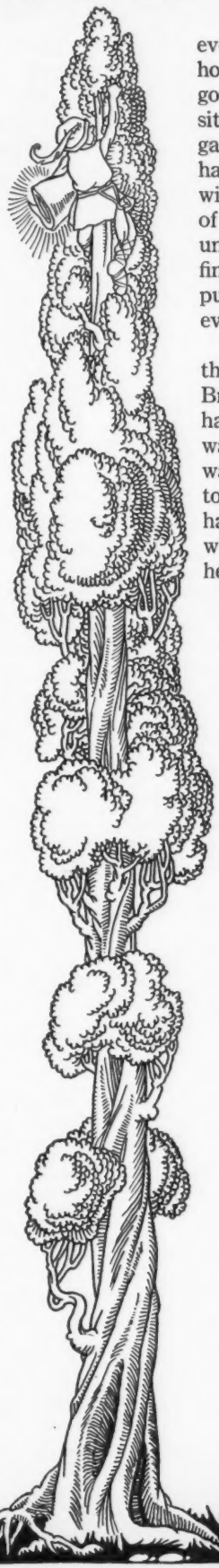
He was so excited he could hardly sleep that night, because this was by far the most thrilling thing he had ever found to do. He got up the next morning even before the sun

had risen, and went out to his woodshed to find a green wheelbarrow. After much hunting he found it under a pile of old shingles; and wheeling it out to the front of his house, he packed it full of sunset strips, each one neatly rolled up and tied around with pink string.

Then, bumpety-bumpety-bump, he and his little green wheelbarrow went clattering down the hill. At the foot of the hill was a village with crooked streets and cobbled pavings, and many red-roofed houses cuddled close together. The Broolin went bumping along over the cobblestones until he reached the village square; here he stopped and waited to see what would happen. It happened at once—first, came two small children who peeked shyly into the wheelbarrow; then an old woman hobbled up to satisfy her curiosity; and in two shakes of a lamb's tail a crowd had gathered. When it was known that these bright-colored strips were for sale, women actually stepped on each other's toes and pushed rudely with their elbows in an effort to buy a piece of sunset before the supply was gone. In no time at all the wheelbarrow was empty, and the Broolin's pockets were bulging full of pennies. In a frenzy of delight he rushed off to the candy shop.

He bought all the chocolate peppermints in the shop, and even then had a few pennies left over. It took him some time to push his wheelbarrow back up the hill again, but by noon he reached the hilltop, and sat down on his front steps to eat the candy and cool off. He ate and ate, until he began to feel somewhat queer in his middle; and then he thought it wise to stop, and wished he had thought so sooner. When the queer feeling did not go away, he decided to take a nap; so he went indoors and lay down on the bed with a big woolly blanket over him. Before long he was sound asleep, and he slept all afternoon.

That was why he knew nothing about the strange thing which happened in the early evening. When the sun was low in the west, and the chimes in the village church were ringing vespers, suddenly all the light went out from the sky, and immediately it was as dark as any nighttime could be! Now, of course, the people liked the darkness because it was quiet and restful, but they did not like to have it come on so suddenly as it had this evening. They wanted to have a sunset hour and a twilight time when they could go walking in the crooked little streets or sit and talk together on the front steps. It gave them a most uncomfortable feeling to have the darkness suddenly fall upon them without the slightest warning. But in spite of much excited discussion, no one could understand just what had happened; so finally they lighted their lamps and started putting the babies to bed, just as they did every night as soon as it got really dark.



Then the next evening the very same thing happened again! And this time the Broolin noticed it, too. His tummy-ache had gone away; and he had spent the day washing the windows of his log cabin. He was on the last window of all, rubbing hard to clean off some streaks which a rainstorm had made, when all at once he couldn't see what he was doing; and looking around him, he discovered that it was nighttime!

He felt about for his mop and pail of water, and fumbled his way into the house. There he lit a candle, and sat in a chair to think. He could not remember such a thing occurring before; it gave him a most unpleasant feeling which he didn't like at all. So he thought and thought, because the Broolin never could bear to have anything happen which he couldn't understand.

"Now let me see," he said to himself. "Just how was it—let me see. First it was daytime, and then it was nighttime. But night always follows day—somehow there is something different now about the way it follows."

Then he imagined to himself the way night usually follows day; he closed his eyes tight and made a picture of it in his mind—first the sunshine getting less and less bright while the sun dropped lower and lower in the sky; then—

"Oh, I know!" he exclaimed aloud. "Something was left out this evening—something that usually comes in between the day and night. It must be—" He had a sudden feeling of fright as he thought, "It must be the sunset!"

That was it. He had taken down the curtain which hung across the sky and made a colorful light between the sunshine and darkness, so that now nighttime would always come pell-mell on top of the day. And that would never do; it was bad enough to have it happen once without having it do so all the time from now

on, forever and ever. He felt it was his fault.

So the Broolin got up, and crossing the room to sit down in another chair, began to think all over again. He felt very unhappy that he had done such a thing—it never occurred to him when he sat up in the treetop pulling at the sunset that if he took it away it wouldn't be there any more! He had only wanted to give pleasure to some people, and to have some chocolate peppermints for himself; but now he knew that the pleasure of a few was not nearly so important as the happiness of the whole world, and that too many peppermints can make you feel most uncomfortable. He felt sorrier and sorrier for what he had done, when he thought of how confused and disturbed everybody must be not to have any more sunsets.

There was only one thing to do—collect all those curtain strips and put them back where they belonged. He went mournfully to his cupboard and took out a tin bank. Getting a screwdriver, he pried it open, and shook out the money which he had put in there to buy himself a pair of rubbers some day. He had never had a nice pair of shiny rubbers, and he wanted them dreadfully—but just at present the sunset was more important.

Next morning he hurried down to the village. When he reached the square, he found it full of people—men, women, and children, all chattering and shouting and making wild gestures. The Broolin knew at once what they were talking about, and he jumped up onto the bandstand, clapping his hands to silence the crowd.

"I know what the matter is," he told them. "And if you will sell those strips back to me which some of you bought the other day, I will see what I can do."

In a few minutes, women and children came running with the bright pieces in their hands; and so anxious were they to have the mistake set right that they refused the money which the Broolin offered to repay them, imploring him to hurry as fast as he could.

So back up the hill he went; and when he reached his shack, he sat down on the doorstep and spread the pieces out around him. It would be no easy task to get the sunset where it belonged, because some of the strips had already been made up into dresses and scarfs. Sadly the Broolin got out his old kitchen shears, and tried to rip out the threads which had been sewed in. He was not used to doing such things, and so was rather clumsy at it. But after a long while, all the threads were out, and the pieces were ready to be stitched together.

How to do this he hadn't an idea, because he had never done any sewing. First he went to look in the cupboard, as he knew that he would need some thread and needle, although, since he never had sewed before, he had no reason to expect to find needle and thread in there.

But, because he had developed the habit of looking in his cupboard for anything he wanted, he spent several minutes peering around on the dusty shelves. Finally he gave it up, and went back to his front step to think. It was getting pretty difficult for him to think now, because he wasn't accustomed to thinking hard, and he had had to do a great deal of thinking within the past twenty-four hours.

While he sat there, a whiff of wind dropped a cluster of red pine needles right into his hands, and he saw at once that he could use one of the needles to sew with. Now he only wanted some thread; but although he sat a long time on his doorstep, and several winds passed by, no thread turned up. So finally, when it grew dark all at once, the Broolin got himself some supper and went to bed, very much discouraged.

When he awoke the next day, he did not at first remember the unpleasant task he had before him. He hopped out of bed, and went to the window to see what the weather was. The sunlight shone warm and bright; the grass was dew-drenched and sparkling, and covered with wet cobwebs which looked as though they were spread out to dry. The Broolin looked at them, and thought they were pretty. Then all in a flash, he had an idea.

Dressing in a hurry, he ran outdoors and gathered up the cobwebs. After going to the woodshed for a nice smooth stick, he sat down under the poplar

[Continued on page 436]

AUNT LUCY'S GHOSTS

By SYLVIA FRANCES METCALF

AUNT LUCY had recently returned from a trip abroad, and was spending an evening at the home of a married sister. The family had been listening with much interest to her tales of Europe.

Mildred, who had inquired particularly about the Continental schools, now asked, "Aunt Lucy, what did you enjoy most in London?"

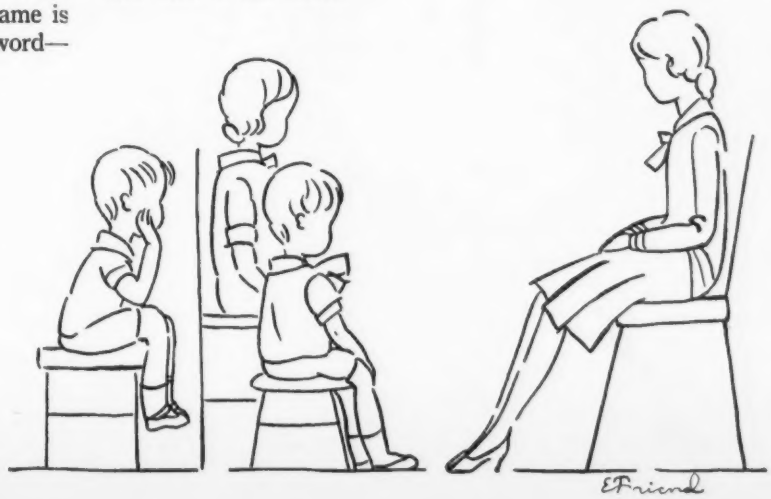
"Well, children," Aunt Lucy answered, "you may all think my choice a very strange one. Of course, the sights of London are very wonderful, as I wrote you. The Tower of London, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, the British Museum, the beautiful old churches, and a thousand other things are inspiring and beautiful, and I am grateful for having seen them. But for pure pleasure, with instruction, too—now get ready for a shock, all of you—I enjoyed a perfectly delightful game which we used to play on rainy nights at the home of some English friends. This was a spelling game, and if it had a regular name, we did not know it, so we called it *Ghosts*. As you all know, I used to love our old-fashioned spelling bees, which, sad to say, seem to have become almost as extinct as stereopticons and the leg o'mutton sleeves we used to wear.

"Well, to play this game, first of all you ought to be a pretty good speller," said Aunt Lucy, and looked mischievously over at Thomas, Junior, who was trying not to appear self-conscious. When he thought of his spelling, he was obliged to console himself with the thought, "Well, anyway, I am a dandy swimmer!"

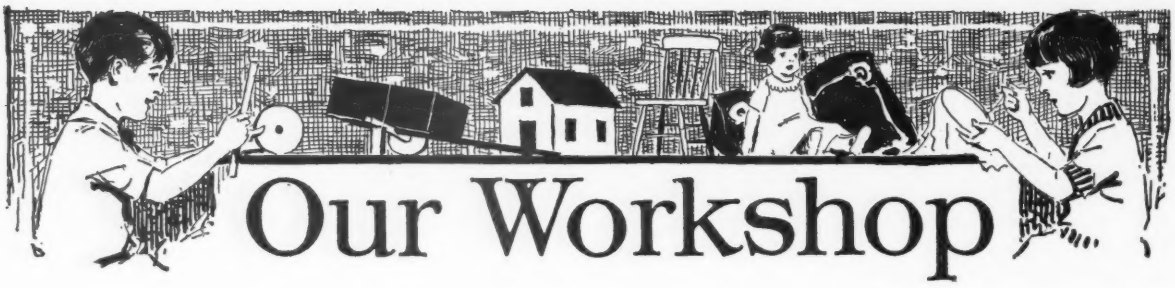
Aunt Lucy continued, "It's really very simple: the players form a rough circle, and someone—anyone—starts off with the letter A. The next on the left adds any letter desired, the next player another letter, and so on. Now here is the catch: the object of the game is *not* to finish any word—words of three letters, such as ace, pot, and cap, not counted. Finally, however, you will be forced to end a word; and when this has happened to the same player three times, he becomes a *ghost* and is out of the game temporarily. The fun does not really begin until there are one or more *ghosts*. The only way a *ghost* can get back into the game is to make a *live* player speak to him—even if it is only a syllable. Of course all sorts of amusing efforts are made by the *ghosts* to force the players to speak to them, but those still in the game soon learn to be very wary and are not easily caught off guard. The *ghosts* can talk to each other. If a player does forget and speak to a ghost, he becomes one himself, and the *ghost* who made him speak comes back to life, and is back in the game. No moving about is necessary, however. All the players keep their original places.

"When a player does end a word, the next in order starts off again—not with A as at first, but with the next letter of the alphabet. For instance, suppose "prospect" was just concluded; the next player starts with Q. Sometimes it takes nearly an hour to get through the alphabet.

"I remember one player thought surely she was caught. When the word reached her, three letters had been given, making l-e-e, and all were perfectly certain that she would be obliged to end the word with an R or a K. A reasonable time is allowed for thought and she tried her best to think of some word which would get her out of the hole—and remembered 'leeward'; whereupon she joyfully exclaimed, 'W!' At this the next player, who had to either finish or continue the word, challenged her. Any one can do this if he does not realize what word is in the player's thought, or if he thinks the word is being misspelled. The player thus challenged gave her word, 'leeward,' and the challenger started off again with M, the next letter of the alphabet. Several of the others had understood at once the word in her mind, but, of course, gave no hint of it."



By this time all the children were listening with great interest. "Let's us try it!" cried Paul, and two hours later, bedtime found them still playing Aunt Lucy's interesting game of *Ghosts*.



Our Workshop

By A. NEELY HALL
Author of "*Making Things with Tools*," "*Big Book of Boys' Hobbies*," "*Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys*," etc.

A PLAY CROSSING GATE AND A TRAFFIC SIGNAL

THE homemade railroad crossing gate shown in Figure 1, and the stop-and-go traffic signal shown in Figure 2, will bring fun to every child in your neighborhood. And there will be renewed interest in velocipedes, tricycles, wagons, pushmobiles, scooters, roller skates, and other types of wheel toys.

Let's pretend that your front sidewalk is a boulevard, and that somebody's driveway in your block has a railroad track on it. And let's install a crossing gate at the play railroad crossing, and a stop-and-go signal at the street corner, or at your driveway.

Figure 2 is a detail of a completed crossing gate, and Figure 3 shows the assembly of parts. Dimensions for arm pieces A are given in Figure 4. Notice that one end is 2 inches wide, and the other end 4 inches wide. This gives the arm the correct taper. Round the ends, and bore a ⅜-inch bolt hole 12 inches from the wide end, and another 18 inches from the narrow end. One hole is for bolting the arm pieces to the base (B), the other is for attaching the gate leg (D).

Cut the base by the pattern of Figure 5, and bore a ⅜-inch bolt hole where indicated. Fasten the base to the end of a grocery box (C, Figure 6). Cut the gate leg (D) of the size shown in Figure 7. Saw a slot in one end, fasten a mending-plate (E) in the slot, and bolt the plate between the gate arms (Figure 3).

The gate is lowered and raised with a windlass. The windlass consists of a broom-handle (G, Figures 6 and 8), with ends fitted into holes bored through the box ends, a crank made of a block of wood (H), bored to fit over the broom-handle end, and a spool handle (I). Bore a small hole through the crank block, and slip the nail (J Figure 8) through the hole for a locking pin. Drill several holes through the box end, in correct positions for the locking-pin to stick into. Fasten the crank to the broom-handle with a screw, and drive a screw into the opposite

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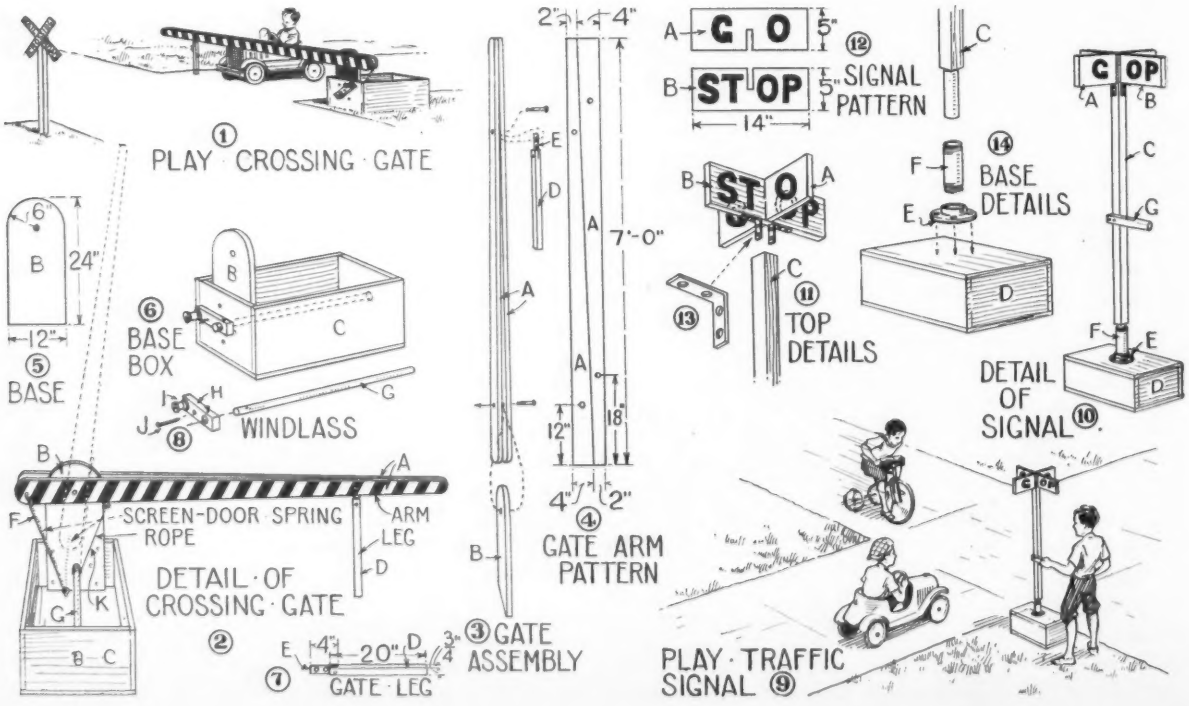

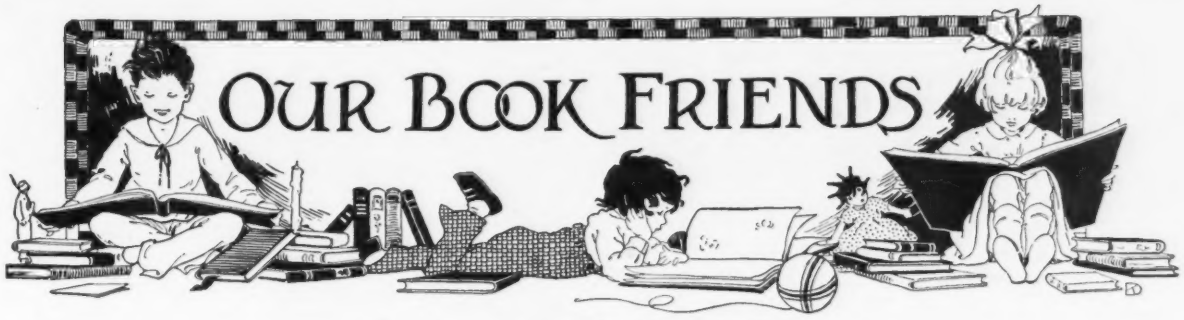

Conducted by SUSAN WILBUR

Associate Editor, Chicago Evening Post Literary Review

WHEN I was a little girl things seemed more separate than they do now. School was school, and fun was what you did after school.

But even when I was a little girl we used to be glad when September came round. Maybe it was the new textbooks and the new pencils.

There are many more tools for schoolwork nowadays. They have been getting better from year to year along with the radios and airplanes.

From "I Want A Book" (Harper)

Between now and Christmas I shall try to tell you about some of them. Miss Barrows has already told you about Compton's Pictured Encyclopædia in ten volumes. This is really as good a vacation book as it is a school-time book.

Another reference work that you may have seen on your school shelves is the "World Book." This has just turned into something entirely different. It is now the "World Book Encyclopædia" in twelve volumes, blue and gold covers, plenty of pictures, and perfectly unheard of things in the way of maps.

Perhaps Mother will buy this for you. If she does, she will probably think, "The 'World Book Encyclopædia' will be a help to John and Mary in their school work. They can look up their geography and history topics in it."

What you can really do, though, is to look up just anything that you happen to wonder about.

Someday you might want to read the whole life of Lindbergh, or find out about this Captain MacMillan who explores the Arctic and sometimes takes children your own age along as cabin boys. A year ago when Ramsay MacDonald, the Premier of England, was in this country, you could have looked him up—if the encyclopædia had been out then.

Big brother is perhaps having Algebra, but all he can tell you about it is that it comes after arithmetic. Here is the whole story of Algebra, told so that you can understand it. Or maybe Mother and Father have been discussing the stock exchange or some other grown-up subject. This encyclopædia will find the right words for explaining it to you.

Then too there's the fun of just reading along and accidentally finding out new things about old friends, or running into things you have never heard of, though after you have once read about them, you are pretty sure to hear them mentioned soon again. That's the funny thing about this world; the more you know about it, the more you seem able to find out.

One reference book I did have for my very own, though. It was called "The Century Book of Facts." This has now been made over too, and in "The New Century Book of Facts" (Continental Publishing Company, Wheeling, West Virginia), you can look up things that have happened almost within the year—you can even read about President Hoover.

This book is arranged conveniently according to your school subjects, language, grammar, history, mathematics, geography, science, and so on. It has a whole section of maps, outlines that show history, or some other subject at a glance, and alphabetical lists that give thumbnail sketches of people, places, events, battles, products and so on. So much has been packed into one volume, however, that it has had to be written in the tightest kind of grown-up language.

LOOKING BACK TOWARD SUMMER

AN ALBUM OF OUR WILD FLOWERS: A guide to assist the young Nature student and a permanent record for the preservation of wild flowers and their leaves.

From "The Tale of a Warrior Lord" (Longmans Green)

AN ALBUM OF OUR TREES: A guide to assist the young Nature student and a permanent record for the preservation of leaves.

(Samuel Gabriel Sons and Co.)

Have you been keeping flowers this summer? If so, here is a book which will help you to get your collection in order: an envelope to press and dry in, several pages of descriptions, a page for your record, plenty of blank pages for pasting, and several more of colored stickers to mount alongside your specimens.

From "I Want A Book" (Harper)

Probably you had never thought that you might collect trees too. Fortunately there is still time. All you really collect are the leaves, and fallen ones will do. The colored stickers show the tree itself, the flower, the bark, the fruit, the nut.

WILD FLOWERS AND STATE FLOWERS OF NORTH AMERICA

OUR MOST POPULAR TREES, by Lydia Northrop Gilbert.

(George Sully and Co.)

There are still a good many flowers to be seen, and fortunately the trees never pack up and go. Here are two pocket size volumes whose descriptions and colored pictures will help you to make plant friends on your Saturday hikes this autumn, whether you live in the grape fruit or in the pine tree part of the country.

THE STIR OF NATURE: A book for young American naturalists, by William H. Carr with a foreword by Clyde Fisher. Illustrated by Thomas W. Voter.

(Oxford University Press.)

Autumn and winter are a good time to continue your acquaintance with birds and animals. This book gives a month by month calendar of what the more seeable of the wild animals will be doing, a time-

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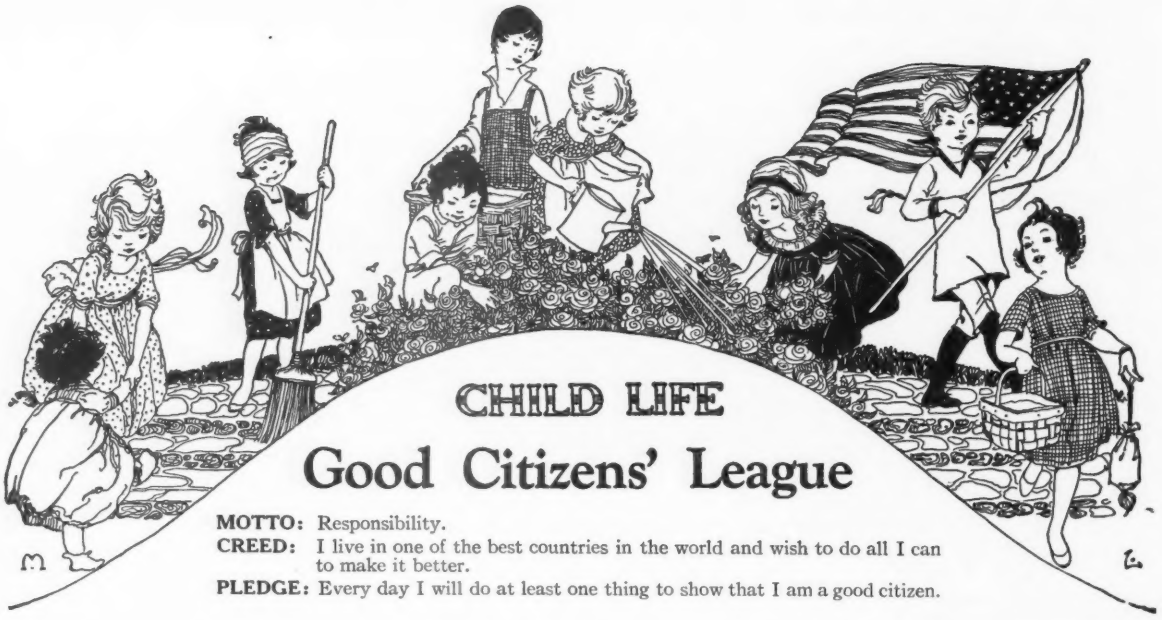


CHILD LIFE

Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.
CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.
PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

NEW DISCOVERIES

"WHAT do people mean when they say the world is shrinking every day?" asked Harvey. "It's not really getting any smaller, is it?"

The other members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League had been wondering about this, too, and they turned to Miss Bradley, the counselor, to hear her answer.

"Well, in a way, it is," she said. "Of course, the earth itself is not growing any smaller, but with airplanes crossing the Atlantic, and with the telegraph and telephone, and radio making it so much easier to communicate with people miles and miles away from us, we *feel* that the world is shrinking because there is now such a splendid opportunity for people everywhere to know each other better."

"Yes, and people know more about the world than they ever did before," said Helen eagerly. "And now that Commander Byrd has flown over the South Pole, we know more about the Antarctic, too—things people never had any chance of knowing before we had radio and airplanes."

The members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League promptly forgot that they were holding a meeting, for they talked and talked and talked. Of all the marvelous things that had been accomplished during their short lifetimes, this expedition to the South Pole seemed the most marvelous of all. Every one of them had read and seen pictures of Rear-Admiral Byrd and his brave companions during their twenty-two months in the Antarctic.

Russell sighed wistfully. "There won't be anything *left* to discover when we grow up."

"Oh, yes, there will be," Miss Bradley contradicted pleasantly. "There are plenty of things for you to discover right now about this old world of ours. We know more than we ever knew about the physical conditions of the earth, and man has penetrated to its farthermost boundaries. We are closer to all the peoples of the earth than we have ever been before, and now it's up to us to *discover* those peoples."

"Discover them?" Grace asked in surprise.

"Yes, find out what they're really like, and learn to live with them in peace and friendship. The best way to start is for our own little group here to find out all we can about the boys and girls of other lands. If other groups will do the same thing, you'll find, when you're grown up, that you'll understand the other peoples of the world much better. And under-

[*Continued on page 458*]

Honor Points

An Honor Point is awarded for each day one or more good citizenship deeds are recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of members who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. At the beginning of the month, write your name and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you may record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. If a teacher or other grown-up counselor is in charge of a branch league, these papers are turned in to her and she sends us the list of her members, with the number of points she thinks each one deserves. Send your September list in time to reach our office by October 5th.

Any good deed that you record will count—for instance, anything that you do to help someone else at home, at school, or elsewhere. Following is a list of special good citizenship deeds, which we suggest that you do for September.

1. I read a story about a Chinese or Japanese boy or girl.
2. I read a story about a Dutch or German child.
3. I read a story about a French or Italian child.
4. I read a story about a Spanish or Mexican child.
5. I read a story about a Scandinavian child.
6. I read a story about an Eskimo child.
7. I wrote a letter to either a real or an imaginary child of some other country, telling him about my life in my own country.
8. I read about Commander Byrd's expedition to the South Pole.
9. I studied my globe carefully (or a map of the world), locating at least six different countries.
10. I started a scrapbook of other lands, pasting in a picture whenever I could find one and writing underneath all I could find out about it.

Other good citizenship deeds may be substituted for those above, if necessary, and of course you will add others of your own. *Remember, you must record one or more deeds on twenty-five different days during the month, in order to have your name on the honor roll.*

MARGUERITE AND CYNTHIA McADOO

© 1930, The C of W. Corp.

They're ready for anything on land or in the air

Almost six and almost four. Blue eyes. Yellow hair. Extremely dainty little girls, these daughters of Mr. and Mrs. William McAdoo, Jr. But *intrepid!*

They fly with enthusiasm. (Their parents are much interested in flying.) They swim . . . they garden in their own little plot . . . they romp in the California sunshine with Gypsy and Chita, two beloved and phlegmatic cats, and with Merrylegs, a little white dog.

In their blond heads there's no idea of the careful supervision that is theirs. But their mother, and their nurse, keep up a watchful surveillance.

Their exercise, their play, their hours for sleep, their general routine and, above all, their diet. When each little girl was six months old the family physician advised a *hot, cooked* cereal. That cereal was Cream of Wheat, the one approved by 221 leading child specialists of San Francisco, Chicago, Toronto and New York, in a recent investigation.

"Mimi and Cynthia have always eaten Cream of Wheat," says Mrs. McAdoo. "It's a dietary matter that we're very particular about."

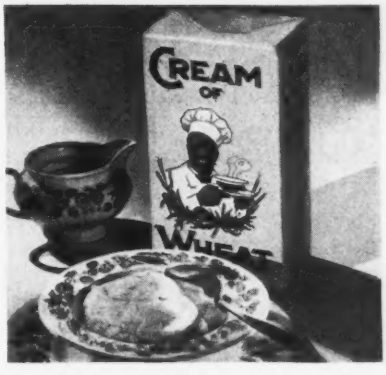
Mothers of small girls and boys all over the country have made Cream of Wheat part of the regular, accepted routine. They know that Cream of Wheat is rich in the energy that children consume so fast, that it is amazingly quick and easy to digest. Inexpensive, too. *Forty generous servings in a box.*

Let your youngsters have this good start in the morning—Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

• • •

● TUNE IN on Cream of Wheat Radio Program every weekday morning at 7:45. Broadcast from stations WJZ, WBZ-A, KDKA, WHAM, WLW, WJR, WLS.



FREE—a wonderful child's game

All children love the H.C.B. Club with a secret meaning. It makes a jolly game of their morning cereal. All the wonder working material is free—badges, gold stars, and big new posters with stirring color pictures of childhood heroes—Joan of Arc, Roland and Oliver, Richard the Lion Hearted. We will also send valuable child health booklet. Mail this coupon to The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Dept. R-33, Minneapolis, Minn.

Child's Name _____

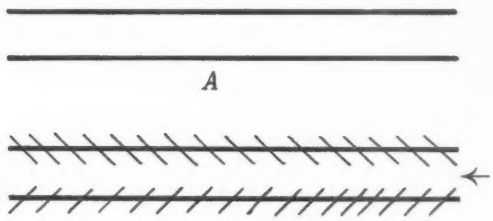
Address _____

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here ☐

EYE-FOOLERS

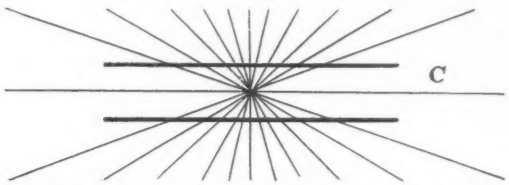
By ARTHUR OHLMAN

THE human eye is a wonderful thing, but as you no doubt know, we can not always believe what we see. If I remember correctly it was Longfellow who said, "And things are not what they seem." Well, they aren't, for here are a few of the better known illusions, ("eye-foolers") which will while away a dull hour.

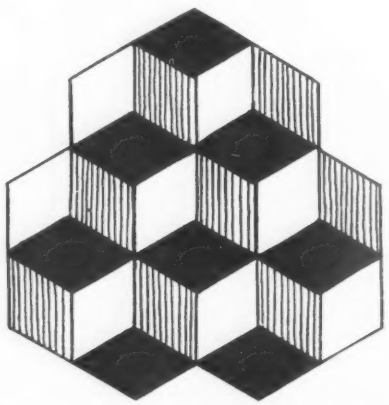


The two lines marked "A" in the diagram above are parallel, that is to say, they are both the same distance apart from each other.

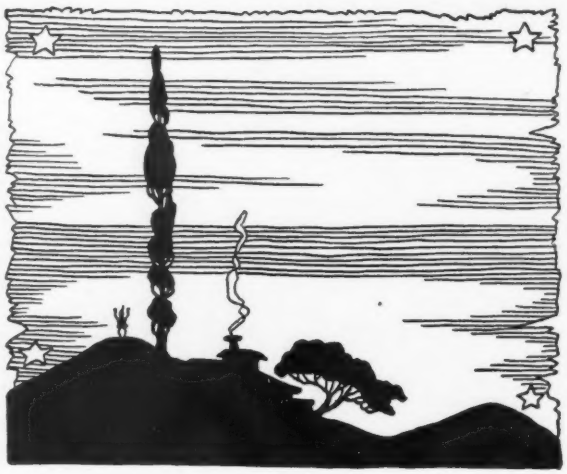
When you add the "herring-bones" as in "B" the two lines seem to come together. Now look along them, with your eye at the spot marked by the arrow. They are as straight as the ones above them.



The diagram marked "C" shows the same thing in a slightly different form. These are called "Zollner's lines." Old Professor Zollner was himself fooled by a clever American magician named Slade. This Slade made the old man think he was seeing "ghosts." But that is another story.



This picture shows a number of blocks. Count them. Now turn the drawing upside down and count them again. Do you see six or do you see seven?



THE BROOLIN AND THE SUNSET

[Continued from page 430]

tree, and set to work unraveling the cobwebs and winding them around the piece of wood.

When he had succeeded in making a tiny hole through one end of a pine needle, he tried many times to push the cobweb-thread into the hole; but his hands were so big and the needle and thread so small that he found it a hard thing to do. However, since the Broolin was a patient person, he did not give up trying, so that finally he did get his needle threaded and was all ready to start sewing.

All day long he stitched and stitched and stitched. Although the seams were bungly and uneven, they held together very well; and the cobweb-thread made silver gleams that shone like tinsel. By evening, the curtain was all patched together again, and ready to be hung up in the sky.

The Broolin rolled it up, and, tucking it under one arm, climbed the tall poplar behind the house. Up and up he went, startling a red squirrel, so that it jumped and gave a surprised squeal. He passed a thrush's nest, with a mother-birdie singing lullabies to the babies. And at last he reached the treetop.

But he had forgotten to plan about hanging up the curtain—there was nothing to hang it on! When he took it down, he had torn it right off the sky; and torn things are hard to put back again. They have to be pasted or pinned.

He didn't have any paste, but he might have some pins. So, carefully balancing the rolled-up sunset on a branch, he climbed down the tree, and went to look in his cupboard. Way back in a corner were some shiny gold stars—they were falling stars which the Broolin had picked up here and there in fields and pastures. It occurred to him that stars would be the very things with which to fasten the sunset on the sky; so he put them into his pocket and hurried to the treetop again.

To pin up the sunset was the most difficult part of all. The Broolin could only use one hand, be-

[Continued on page 449]

The children of two generations have slept in Dentons.

Denton Protection *Assures* Healthful Sleep

Mothers: when winter winds blow, you will have a wonderful feeling of security when you know your children are warm and cozy in Dentons.

Our special hygienic *Soft-Knit* fabric, spun and knit in our mills, affords the healthful protection every child needs while sleeping.

Denton fabric is spun and knit of *unbleached*, double-carded cotton with some soft, virgin wool, a material that always remains wonderfully soft, warm and comfortable.

Our loosely spun yarn, knit in an open stitch, affords healthful ventilation for the skin. Tiny fibers of soft wool carry off perspiration slowly without chilling the body. Denton fabric is truly hygienic. It holds *in body warmth* and keeps *out* cold.

Regular Denton for Children. Sizes 3 to 14 open down the front. All sizes have drop seat.

Dentons are Economical Because They are Durable

Dentons withstand the wear and tear of hard use and many washings. Where wear is heaviest and strains greatest, Dentons are strongest.

A heavier fabric is knitted for the soles and upper portions of *our patented extra-heavy romper feet. Our patented extra-full drop seat* prevents binding when child sleeps with knees drawn up.

Flexible rubber buttons which do not break or cut threads during washing; strong, flat seams; double-thick collars; carefully sewn button holes; are other quality features which make Dentons durable—and economical.

All Dentons have our patented Extra-Full Drop Seat and patented Extra-Heavy Romper Feet.

Insist on genuine Dentons. Look for the tag on every garment showing the healthy, happy Denton child. Sold in 6,000 leading dry goods and department stores. If your dealer does not carry Dentons, write us.

Two-Piece Denton. Convenient for infants requiring frequent changing. Sizes 0, 1 and 2 only. Has turn-down cuffs. Extras of lower piece sold separately.

Regular Denton. Infants' sizes 0, 1 and 2 open down the back. Also have turn-down cuffs.

Denton Sleeping Bag for Babies. One size only—26 inches long.

Denton Sleeping Hoods: Two sizes for Adults. Three sizes for Children.

Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills

Centreville, Michigan, U. S. A.

FUN WITH BEAN BAGS

By HAZEL BORING

RUTH and the other children made up some new bean bag games to play. One child stood alone and the others stood a little distance from him and threw bean bags to him as fast as they could. To win he had to catch each bag and hold them all in his arms until the last one was caught.

Then they had bean bag races. The children divided into pairs and each pair faced each other and ran sidewise, tossing a bean bag back and forth. The first pair to reach the goal, without having dropped their bag, won.

Next they hid the bean bags. Each child was given a bag. Then all of the children, but one who was *it*, went to the back yard. When *it* had hidden his bag, he called the others and they came running to the front yard. Everyone who found the hidden bag dropped his bag in the same spot, without letting the others see him do it. In a few minutes Ruth said the time was up and everyone looked around to see who still had his bag. Most of the children had found the hiding place. The one who had found it first was allowed to take *it* and hide his bag for the next game.

But perhaps they had the most fun when they stood in a circle and called to each other and exchanged bean bags as fast as they could. The faster they played this game, the more fun it was.

Then they put a target on a post and tried to knock it off with their bags. My, they had fun!

Perhaps you would like to have a bean bag party some time. The gay bean bags make pretty favors for your guests. Make each bag of a different material. Play some of the games that Ruth and Sue and their friends played but make up games of your own, too. It is good fun; the gay bean bags will suggest plenty of things to you.

THE LITTLE SINGING LANTERN

[*Continued from page 416*]

happen? She saw him stand erect at last, fasten his lantern to a rod, then peer a-tiptoe down the great chimney-pot. A dark shadow flew up and then another, brushing past him, touching his face.

Sally squealed.

Peter laughed. "They're only chimney swallows. But there is something else—if I can only see—"

He leaned too far, his foot slipped, and the next moment he was on his knees, struggling to gain hold again, with hands or feet, yet slowly, steadily, losing ground, sliding toward the steep darkness below.

This time Sally had no breath to squeal. She started toward the trapdoor for help, and tripped on something that dangled from her pocket. The heavy lambrequin! A seven-foot mantel it was, and strong enough, if it would only reach.

She turned back to Peter. He had come to a stop.

"It's a slate nail I'm caught on, but it must be loose or it wouldn't be sticking up. It won't hold me long," he explained ruefully.

"Grab this!" Sally tossed out the length of lambrequin.

It fell short and Peter dared not stretch for it, lest he lose his nail.

Sally was not dismayed. She was not much used to getting out of trouble, but there was one thing she was good at. Her fingers flew to her crochet needle—in and out, in and out. Peter watched, understanding. It was done—a yard of chain stitch, then a swift loose yard back, double-crochet. She fastened the end to a railpost. The other, Peter caught.

Inch by inch he trusted his weight to it, and it held. Hand and knee the boy squirmed upward, and stood safely at last by Sally's side. He took a long look over the brilliant city.

"Prettier than it was from down there," he laughed.

"But what was it you risked your neck for?" Sally scolded. "Something in the chimney?"

"This. I'd just got it into my pocket when I slipped, still hanging by a rusty lightning-rod wire inside the chimney. It must have blown there, that first night." He displayed the tiny birthday lantern.

"Oh!" Sally cried delightedly. "Let's run down and see if it still sings."

It did. Aunt Cindy's brown face fairly paled at the sight and sound of it. Nor would she accept Peter's simple explanation that the shape was just right so that the heat-waves from the tiny candle-flame within made it sing like an organ-pipe.

"Not hurt a bit after seventy-five years!" Sally exclaimed, and she ran for cloths and cleaning-powder. The lantern's sides glowed under the rubbing. "Why, it's not tin, nor silver. It doesn't look like copper. Aunt Cindy, what did you say

Continued on page 450

AUTUMN PICNICS

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON
Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectors," etc.

LAST month we had a lesson on picnic sandwiches and now, almost before we supposed it was time, early twilights are coming and many a day is too cool for enjoying a picnic supper unless there is a warm dish of some kind. So we have decided that our September lesson shall be on Autumn picnics—the kind that have a camp fire or else a hot dish fixed at home and kept piping till we eat it.

Those of you who have been in the CHILD LIFE Kitchen for some time can look back in their recipe files and find the rule for making escalloped potatoes. There's nothing better for an out-of-door meal than that dish. Follow the suggestion we shall give you below for keeping it hot and you will find it perfect. There's something about it, as you serve its steaming contents, that just goes to the spot and makes folks ask for more.

With it you will want to serve cold beef loaf (made by our own recipe) or cold baked ham or tongue. Or, if you want something a little different, make some Ham Rolls by this recipe.

HAM ROLLS

Slice baked or boiled ham into very thin slices.

Lay them neatly on a bread board.

Have ready sheets of paraffin paper for wrapping—half size sheets will be a good size.

Cream together 1 package of cream cheese
½ teaspoon prepared mustard
2 teaspoonfuls mayonnaise
till it forms a smooth paste.

Spread on the thinly sliced ham. This amount will make 8 to 12 portions.

Roll the ham into neat rolls and wrap each piece separately in paraffin paper.

This is very tasty and quite different from the usual cold meat.

But sometimes you will want something different from meat and potatoes, however good they are, so we are having two delicious dishes made with seasonable vegetables. They may both be prepared at home or over a picnic fire. In case you cook them over the camp fire we suggest that you prepare the vegetables at home, so that the cooking begin at once as soon as the fire is ready. That is the most fun, we think.

PICNIC SURPRISE

For this you will need ½ **pound bacon, six carrots,** and **4 large potatoes to serve five or six persons. If you use onions, 2 of medium size are a fine addition.**

Cut the bacon into bits and fry gently till it is a golden brown. Do not let the fat scorch.

Scrub the carrots and dice them.

Scrub the potatoes; peel and dice them into ½ inch cubes. Wash and slice the onions.

Add the onion to the bacon and fry gently for 2 minutes. Add the carrots and potatoes and 1 cupful of water. Add 1 teaspoonful salt.

Cook gently till tender, which will be 25 to 30 minutes, depending on the heat of your fire.

If cooked at home, pour into a glass baking dish or any good baking dish and put into a hot oven for 10 to 15 minutes to get thoroughly hot. Cover with a tight cover or inverted plate. Wrap in several thicknesses of newspaper—8 or 10 at least—and put at once in your car ready for the picnic. Wrapped this way, a hot dish will keep hot for an hour or longer.

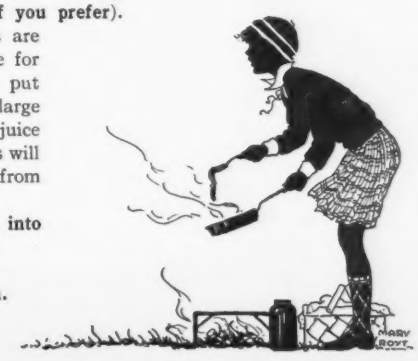
Our other picnic dish is called

GARDEN STEW

For this you will need ½ **pound bacon, 2 cupfuls of corn cut from the cob (or 1 can of corn), 2 cupfuls of tomatoes, washed, peeled and cut into pieces, 2 carrots washed and rubbed through a vegetable cutter, 1 large sweet pepper cut into bits and ¼ pound American cheese cut into tiny bits (or grated if you prefer).** If the vegetables are prepared at home for camp cooking, put them together in large glass jars. The juice from the tomatoes will keep the carrots from turning brown.

Cut the bacon into small pieces and brown gently in a large frying pan.

[*Continued on page 449*]



OUR WORKSHOP

[Continued from page 432]

end of the broom-handle to keep the broom-handle from pulling through the box.

Tie a piece of small rope to a screw eye screwed into the under side of the arm, and to the broom-handle. There must be a strong spring to raise the gate arm as the windlass releases it. Use a screen-door spring (F, Figure 2). Fasten one end of the spring to the gate arm, and the other end to the box bottom.

To complete the crossing gate, paint the arm white with black diagonal stripes, the base black, and the base box white or gray. Set the base box where the gate is to be installed. Then weight it with bricks or stones to prevent its upsetting.

The stop-and-go signal shown in Figure 9 can be made quickly. Figure 10 is a detail. First, build the top. This consists of two pieces of board (A and B) ¾-inch thick, of the width and length shown in Figure 12. Cross the two pieces at the center with a "halved" joint. To make this joint, notch the upper edge of one piece, and the lower edge of the other, as shown, so that the pair will interlock one another. Paint the boards white. Then letter in black, "Go," upon both sides of one board, and "Stop" upon both sides of the other board.

Use a piece of 2-by-2, 4 feet 6 inches long for the post support (C, Figure 11), and fasten the top signal to the post with a pair of iron brackets (Figure 13).

Use a grocery box for the signal base (D, Figure 14). The signal support must be pivoted, so that it can be turned. To provide for this, buy a floor flange (E) and a 6-inch pipe nipple, about 1½ inches in diameter (F), from a plumber. Screw the nipple to the floor flange, and screw the floor flange to the box. Trim off the lower end of the signal support to fit in the nipple, as shown in Figure 14.

To complete the traffic signal, shape a short lever like G (Figure 10), and nail it to the side of the support. Then paint the support and base white or black.

LET US DRAW

By ETHEL M. RICE

Let us draw the letter T;
Rather tall it ought to be.

On the top two lines are seen;
Do you notice how they lean?

Place a stick across the two—
This is easy quite, to do.

Now a tiny one you see,
Lying 'neath the letter T,

Then a short line at this spot,
Ending in a little dot.

Making this part black, like ink,
Will improve our lamp, I think.

THE GREEN GOOSE

[Continued from page 409]

loudly as he could.

Just then the tea house lady came out to the porch. "Downy seems to like the little girl." She smiled.

"Daddy, please can't I have him?" Patty begged. "I'll give up my allowance dime for weeks and weeks to pay you for him."

"He'd just match the green woodwork in our apartment in the city," said Patty's mother.

In the city! But Downy didn't care. He'd be with Patty—and there was the park. He looked around. What would the tea house lady say? Downy knew he had cost a great deal. Maybe Patty might not want to pay so much for him.

"I couldn't think of selling Downy," answered the tea house lady. "I've made enough money from my Tea House to go to Paris and study painting. I've wanted to do that all my life. And Downy did it all—standing here on the porch, nodding to all the cars that pass on the road."

Downy was proud. He held his head high. He looked across Patty's brown curls and saw the Goose family wandering out the gate and onto the road. He hoped they had heard. How mixed up inside he felt. He was *glad* if he had helped the tea house lady, but he was *sorry* that he couldn't go with Patty.

"I couldn't think of selling him," the tea house lady said again, "but I'll give him to you. I want him to have a good home."

Patty gave him such a hard squeeze, his plush sides got wrinkled, but he didn't care. "Oh, thank you so much," said Patty. "I'll love him to pieces."

Downy's head was nodding every which way now, and his yellow bill brushed against Patty's red lips. "Oh, he's kissing me," she squealed, and she kissed him back.

Patty carried him carefully into the car. She held him up at the back window and he saw the tea house lady waving to him, as they drove off. When they got to the road, the car went honk, honk, so

[Continued on page 443]

HIDDEN LANE

[Continued from page 420]

and if the rest of her family are like her, I'm certain we won't want to employ any of *them* around the house!"

"Timmie was funny, too," added Junior. "I think that must be Timmie we saw out back chopping wood. He didn't seem to want to be friends at all—and then he said he'd come round and see us soon!"

"Well, I'm thoroughly out of patience with them all!" retorted Mrs. Tanner. "Now we'll go and do our errands."

The rest of the day passed uneventfully. Mrs. Tanner and Magnolia were still busy cleaning but had left the main floor in order and were devoting themselves to the bedrooms. The children made a search of the living room, dining room and kitchen for a possible location of their treasure, but these rooms yielded even less than the upper ones of possibilities for hiding places. The living room was paneled in some dark wood, and had an immense fireplace and mantel, with a large painting over it of Aunt Abigail when she was a young woman. Lucky suggested that maybe there was a secret door behind the portrait, and they lifted one corner cautiously and peeped back of it. But the woodwork looked discouragingly solid and immovable, and the heavy picture frame threatened to fall on them if they tampered with it further. So that, too, they decided to abandon.

"Oh, let's go down to the Bay and begin our boat!" suggested Lucky. "We've got all summer to hunt that treasure, and we can't do much anyhow till Aunt Elizabeth and Magnolia get through the cleaning."

"Yes," assented Junior, "let's do that. We've got to do some thinking about this thing. I guess Mother was right. We aren't going to hop around and find it, first shot out of the box. Come on, girls! Let's all go down to the Bay!"

That afternoon, while the boys were busy working on their boat and the girls were paddling about in the old rowboat, Junior confided

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SAILING SHIPS

[Continued from page 421]

Bridging the vast stretches of the seas, they made possible the expanding of nations, the spreading of civilization and the planting of knowledge. Races came to know each other and ideas were exchanged. Commerce was built up and industry benefited. Can you imagine the world without ships?

Here, too, is the time to give a place to the Spanish galleons apart from those of other nations. You will read of them in many stories of the Spanish Main, as they called that part of the Western Ocean or Atlantic Ocean off the lower part of North America, the West Indies and South America. There is where the colonies of Spain were located. The galleons did their part in bringing settlers over who built up the country. Romances of love and war, pirates, storm and shipwreck are waiting for you to read and be thrilled. The galleon's decks were the stages on which many dramas and tragedies of sea-life were played.

Spain adopted the galleon only after Phillip II took the throne. His New World possessions were becoming a source of wealth, with the rich natural resources of these lands being opened up. Phillip needed more and better ships than he had, for Spain was not really a sea-faring nation. He took note of the fine ships that came into Spain's harbors and ordered his shipyards to get busy and build some like them. They were not long in getting together a good-sized fleet to carry colonists and supplies of all kinds, with troops to guard them and governors and their staff to keep order and administer the laws. Returning to Spain rich cargoes were carried. Gold and silver from the mines, the king's share of profits from business ventures and taxes collected from the colonies, all were shipped in iron-bound chests to be poured into the treasury of the kingdom. And each ship brought new stories of the wonderful country over the sea. Companies were formed to find and open new mines; great plantations were started and towns built.

[Continued on page 443]

JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

Robert and Ruth Visit a Playskool Exhibit

ROBERT and Ruth stopped their game of tennis long enough to hear Mother tell the old story of the sun and the wind and their contest to see which was the stronger.

"See that man walking along the road," said the wind. "The one of us who can make him take his coat off first is the winner."

The north wind howled and whistled, but the man only shivered and drew his coat tighter around him. Then the sun shone its brightest, and the man grew so warm that he removed his coat and carried it as he walked. The sun had won the contest.

"Whew!" said Robert. "That's just how the sun makes me feel to-day. I wish there were something as interesting as tennis to do, that would let us stay cool at the same time."

"I know something," said Mother. "Wouldn't you like to visit Hawley's Store this afternoon? They're having a special exhibit of new educational toys, sponsored by Playskool Institute. You will see toys for children of all ages, every toy designed to help children learn something of value as they play. 'Learning while playing' is the expression used, and it describes perfectly the thought behind the Playskool line."

Robert and Ruth wanted to start at once, and they found the display even more elaborate and interesting than they had guessed. Miss Smith from the Playskool Institute factory showed them around.

"We have our toys arranged according to the age of the child," she explained, smiling at the children. "That is why we have separated them into groups. We'll start with toys for the younger child, and then take each group separately, step by step."

"Oh, look at the pretty wooden beads," cried Ruth. "I'd love to have some like that."

Miss Smith laughed pleasantly. "Those are intended for one-year-olds," she said, "but most of the older girls like them, too. It's probably because of the colors—red, blue, green, yellow—six pretty colors in all. They are large enough for the little tots to handle and it's excellent training for the one-year-old to practice stringing them. It develops a young child's ability to concentrate."

Besides this one style of Playskool beads, there were other boxes of jumbo beads and cubes, all in pretty colors. In each box were two colored lacings to string the beads on.

"But what if the baby puts the beads in his mouth?" asked Robert.

"The colors are perfectly safe," Miss Smith assured them. "All Playskool Institute products are finished with a lacquer coloring which does not come off."

There were other toys, too, for the one-year-old—nests of colored wooden blocks, for example, to amuse and teach him, and toys to help him pull himself up on his little, unsteady legs. "This," explained Miss Smith, "is the 'What is everything?' age for children. At one year they are just beginning to learn the simplest lessons, and we have designed our Playskool Institute toys to help them learn."

Next they went to the exhibit of toys for children two to four years old—toys that required just a little more skill and ability than those for the one-year-old.

"Look at the funny little wagon with red wheels," cried Ruth. "It has colored posts sticking up all over it."

"That's what we call Peggy Pull," Miss Smith explained. "It's really a peg board on wheels. Those colored pegs are four inches long and easy for the very small child to handle. Peggy Pull can be drawn anywhere about the play room by means of the little rope in front."

"Gee," said Robert, looking around, "you have lots of peg boards, haven't you? All sizes, all kinds—even all colors. I suppose the different sizes and styles are for different ages of children."

Then came an odd little bit of information. At least Robert and Ruth thought it was odd. "You see," said Miss Smith, "the larger pegs are for the smaller children and the smaller pegs for the larger children. One of the early traits in most children is the desire to drop things into a hole. Peg boards and pegs satisfy that desire and supply the child with a very simple occupation. At the same time, these toys teach concentration and motor control. The larger pegs are easier for the two-year-old while the more complicated sets with houses, trees, animals, etc., please and amuse children a little older. You see, some of the sets are mounted on carts, and this one here has a little garage to keep the cart in. Incidentally, this garage also provides a storage place for the pegs and blocks."

The next group of Playskool products was for medium-sized

(Continued on page 452)

THE GREEN GOOSE

[*Continued from page 440*]

loudly that Patty turned around, and they both looked in front to see what was the matter. There was the Goose family—Papa Goose and Mama Goose and the six little goslings—all ske-daddling out of the way as fast as they could. Downy leaned across Patty's arm and stuck his head out of the open window. His long green neck nodded and the mouth went, open and shut, open and shut, harder than ever.

Every one of the Goose family stood there, with their bills open. They were so surprised to see Downy going driving in the car. They were so surprised that they didn't even hiss.

Then Patty snuggled him down in her arms and the car bounded on toward Downy's new home.

SAILING SHIPS

[*Continued from page 441*]

Hundreds of men wanted to venture across, hoping to make their dreams of wealth come true. In time towns became cities and the flag of Spain flew above the forts as a sign of her power. Ships did it.

Other nations were busy, too, with their ships. Following numbers of this magazine will tell you about them, show you how they looked and point out changes in shape and rigging as the years passed. If you will save these ship pages, you will have, finally, a fair idea of ships. The next one in the series will be the "English Three Decker."

DISTRESS

MILDRED BOWERS

I HAVE to rake the leaves
And burn them in the alley.
I have to wash my face
And I mustn't dilly-dally.

I mustn't jingle silverware
When I wipe it dry.
I mayn't go barefoot
And *I'm too old to cry!*

Wouldn't you like some morning
To find as a happy surprise,
A dish all fixed by the fairies
Standing in front of your
This , of course, is Wheatena,
Made from -ripened wheat,
It's packed just full of the good things
That the good know you should eat.
Now there's one little -Pat Protein
Who adds things that make muscles strong;
There's another, Sally Starch, who adds energy,
That must have all day long;
Then there's Minnie Mineral, the Fairy,
who makes your bones strong, as you know;
While the newest food Vera Vitamin
Helps you keep well, and to grow.
All these good gifts of the
Are found in each kernel of
And if you would have them
for breakfast,
Wheatena's the
cereal to eat.

FREE
3 servings

If you wish a trial package of this delicious sun-browned wheat cereal—WHEATENA—we'll gladly send you one FREE. Just check here ☐ and mail this coupon.

Send for this book today

"Feeding the Child from Crib to College" is an entirely new kind of book for mothers—written by one of the most eminent child specialists in America. Only 15c brings you a copy. ☐ Check here—enclose 15c—if you wish a copy of the book.

Name .....

Address CL-9-30

The Wheatena Corporation, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

THE Add-a-pearl NECKLACE

Two Portraits

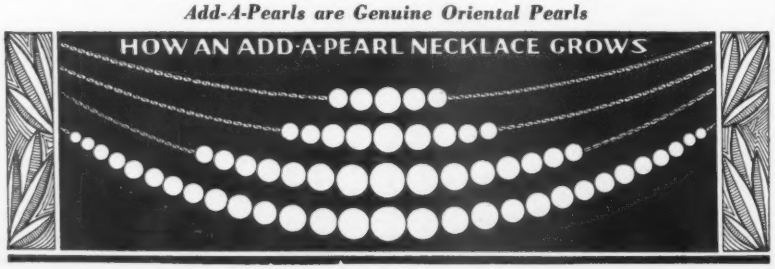
THE child of yesterday has blossomed into the perfection of young womanhood. With her has grown a necklace. Then, but a simple gold chain with a few tiny pearls. Now, the glory of a complete strand of genuine Oriental pearls. No ordinary necklace could possess the significance of the ADD-A-PEARL. Each gleaming pearl is a reminder of some happy moment—an expression of love, or the pride of accomplishment.

Give your daughter an opportunity to help, by encouraging her to join the PEARL-A-MONTH CLUB. Every member is pledged to save enough from her allowance each month to buy at least one pearl. You will be surprised to see how her pleasure in the growing necklace is heightened—how the habit of saving is stimulated. Relatives and friends find the ADD-A-PEARL such a welcome gift suggestion that the necklace will grow at an astonishing rate. Begin now to give your daughter the joy of a genuine Oriental pearl necklace. Its beauty and value increases with the years.

An initial ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE, of 8 pearls on a fine gold chain, may be purchased for as little as $10. Other prices range—$15—$20—$25 and more, depending on the size of the pearls. Group additions may be purchased from $10—single pearls as low as $2.

THE ADD-A-PEARL COMPANY, Chicago

Add-A-Pearls are Genuine Oriental Pearls



HIDDEN LANE

[*Continued from page 441*]

to Lucky about his adventures of the last two nights, and enlisted him to help out in watching for the intruder that night. Lucky was all enthusiasm and full of plans to take 'turn about' in watching through the night. They planned to take watches of two hours each, and Lucky clamored for the first watch.

But as the children were always sent to bed at nine, and as Mrs. Tanner and Magnolia rarely retired before ten-thirty or eleven, Junior thought it would be scarcely worth while for them to begin the watch before eleven or half-past, as the intruder would hardly appear till the lights were all out and people asleep.

"But he did the first time," objected Lucky. "You said yourself it was just after supper when you saw him."

"Yes, but that was a dark, rainy night," said Junior, "and the windows were all shut and the shades down. Nobody'd have seen it if I hadn't just happened to go out for wood. To-night will be warm and clear and it isn't dark till quite late, and all the windows are open. He'd be a big dub if he came early while anyone's still up. No, we'll get a couple of hours of good sleep; then I'll wake you up and you can take first watch. After that we'll change every two hours, and the first one that hears or sees anything wakes the other feller."

They went to bed that night, as they had planned, and immediately fell into deep and dreamless sleep.

Junior wakened later with the uneasy feeling that something was decidedly wrong. It was, for the morning sun was shining full in his eyes, and with a feeling of humiliation, he realized that they had both slept the night through without waking! If anything had gone on, they at least had been none the wiser.

It was not till after breakfast that he discovered a series of distinct footprints leading from the gravel path at the side of the house to a window in the dining room directly below one of his own!

(*To be Continued*)

THE WELL DRESSED CHILD

Conducted by Carolyn T. Radnor Lewis, New York

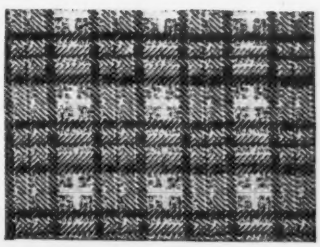
A NEW SERVICE

WE shall be very glad to give you further information regarding articles shown on the fashion and shopping pages. To buy the patterns, the fabrics or any of the articles, kindly send your own check or money order, together with the size and color desired, to CHILD LIFE SHOPPING SERVICE, Rand McNally and Company, 270 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

SCHOOL days are here again. For the early fall days the wash dresses, both plain and printed, are the most comfortable, to be followed later by the jerseys, flannels, challis and light weight woolens. Pique and linen collars and cuffs, smocking, piping, tucks, hemstitching and fagoting in contrasting colors are simple and effective as trimming. Amongst the dark colors reddish brown is new and good, and there are soft lovely shades of powder blue, a coral red, emerald green and a warm tan. For the older girl there are the suits and dresses in the tweeds, coverts, jerseys and light weight woolens. One-piece dresses are made with semi-fitting bodices, and with flared, yoked skirts, or pleats from the shoulder belted at the high waistline, and the pleated skirt buttoned or scalloped onto the blouse with scalloped collar and cuffs. Skirts with pleats, wash blouses and a three-quarters or full length coat—always practical because it can be worn with the dresses—are the juvenile suits.

THE dancing school dress can be made of a Truhu printed silk which goes into the tub and comes out like new. Pattern No. 6215 in sizes 2-6 years. Price 35 cents.

A PLAIN or printed cotton, wool crepe, Pacific Mills challis, plain or jacquard jersey and Laird Granelle like sample, could be adapted for both of these school dresses. Shorts are included in left pattern, No. 6218; in sizes 2-6 years. Right pattern, No. 6213; in sizes 4-14 years. Price 35 cents for each.



THE separate coat in flannel, which can be worn as a suit or with dresses, like this printed zephyrlaine, is a practical choice for the school girl. Here a red flannel was selected for the coat to link it with the amusing red figure on the cream background of the dress. Comes in sizes 6–14 years. The dress with hand faggotting at the yoke, costs $6.75, and without $3.75. The machine faggotted dress and coat cost $6.75. The material sells for 65 cents a yard, and is 27 inches wide.

Now, *everyday,* Billy has "company clean" hands

LIVELY little grimy-handed Billy! The only time he properly scrubbed his hands—wrists and all—was when his adored Aunt Sue came on a visit.

But what a wonderful surprise he has for her this time. A Lifebuoy clean hands chart with *two weeks' perfect record.* And the amazing statement that it is "lots of fun to keep clean".

* * *

Millions of little Billys—Jacks and Jills—are having the time of their lives playing the Lifebuoy clean hands game. And their mothers are rejoicing, too. For these youngsters no longer have to be scolded into washing regularly.

Important health lesson taught

Pictures on the Lifebuoy "wash-up" chart show how hands pick up germs from books, shoes, pets—objects everyone *has* to touch. And—"hands may spread germs of 27 diseases," says Life Extension Institute.

Thus children learn it protects their health to wash hands frequently with the germ-removing soap—Lifebuoy. For Lifebuoy's creamy, antiseptic lather removes germs as well as dirt. Keeps complexions satin-smooth, clear—radiant! Prevents embarrassing body odor. Its fresh, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy is a *real health safeguard.*

Free to mothers

Mothers, fill out and mail coupon below for free "wash-up" chart and trial size cake of Lifebuoy for each of your children. Then see what gorgeous fun they'll get out of just plain *washing hands.*

LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP
for face, hands, bath

free

LEVER BROTHERS CO., Dept. 269, Cambridge, Mass.

Please send me free, Lifebuoy trial cakes and "Wash-up" Charts for my . . . children.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

OUR BOOK FRIENDS

[*Continued from page 433*]

table of bird comings and goings, and a list of the birds that just stay. It also tells of the author's own adventures at Bear Mountain in the Hudson Valley, in observing beaver, skunk, rabbits, mice, snakes, and various birds, in unearthing strange things such as newts and salamanders, and in making pets of some of them. Had you ever thought of collecting animal tracks? One chapter in this book tells you how to.

NATURE NARRATIVES, by Austin H. Clark. Volume I.
(The Williams and Wilkins Co. Baltimore.)

Two and three page true stories telling strange things about sea creatures and butterflies.

ANIMAL AUTOBIOGRAPHIES, by Edward Huntington Williams.
(The Williams and Wilkins Company Baltimore.)

These stories about a tame crow, a jackrabbit who was fairly tame whenever he got into trouble and for as long as he could resist the call of the desert, a woodchuck who waked up a week late one spring, and a flying squirrel are all told as though the animal were itself talking, but the things they tell really happened. Have you ever wondered how the lives of your own animal friends would look from inside?

TO READ YOURSELF

I WANT A BOOK, by Berenice Pittala. Illustrated by Corinne Pauli. $2.00
(Harper and Brothers.)

If you have just learned to read you are probably getting a little tired by now of the primer sort of book that says things over and over and in the end turns out to be a story that you knew anyway. This is a book that you can read almost as easily as a primer, but everything in it is new and different. There is a cat in it who had never seen a mouse, and a little girl who wanted curly hair and tried to get it by eating lots of vegetables, and a little boy who was so friendly that he was always following people and getting lost. Some of the stories turn out well and some turn out badly, so that you can't be sure which way a story is going to turn out until you have finished it. They all have lively and exciting pictures.

THE KELPIES RUN AWAY, by Etta Austin Blaisdell. Illustrated by Clara Atwood Fitts.
(Little, Brown and Co.)

The kelpies live at the bottom of the sea but sometimes they play on shore. One day they got so far from home that they had to send a fish to tell their mother where they were. She let them stay all summer. They played with their cousins, the pond kelpies, got acquainted with birds and animals, and had many adventures.

TO MARKET! TO MARKET! Told and illustrated by Emma L. Brock. $1.75
(Alfred A. Knopf.)

Did you read Miss Brock's book about the runaway sardine last year? This

time it's a round yellow cheese that runs away. A duck and a mouse go to market to buy one. A glance at the pictures will show you that it all happens in Holland.

THE SNOW CHILDREN, by Hattie Adell Walker, with illustrations by Ludwig and Regina.
(Beckley-Cardy Company.)

This book is easy to read, but all the same it tells you a great deal about the Eskimo children of Greenland, what they do the year round, how their fathers hunt and fish, how their mothers cook and sew, how they build their winter snow houses and set up their summer tents, and quite a lot too about their neighbors, the whales, seals, walruses, and polar bears.

BUSY CARPENTERS, by James S. Tippett. Illustrated by Elizabeth Tyler Wolcott.
(World Book Company.)

Did you ever help to build a toy city in school? With houses and groceries and tracks and motor cars? These rhymes and pictures will remind you how much fun it was. Getting the tools and lumber together, sawing, hammering, planing, painting, and finally playing in it.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD

THE TALE OF THE WARRIOR LORD: El Cantar de Mio Cid, translated by Merriam Sherwood. Decorated by Henry C. Pitz.
(Longmans, Green.)

Much of the Cid's story sounds like a fairy tale, particularly his way of winning untold treasure by his prowess, coming out of all his hard fought battles victorious and unhurt, and of being brave even about everyday things—as for instance when the castle lion gets out of its cage. The reason is, of course, that it all happened a thousand years ago. Besides being true, the Cid's exploits are important to all of us; if he hadn't done his bit toward driving the Moors out, Europe, and America too might be inhabited to-day by Mohammedans instead of by Christians. Mr. Sherwood's version of the old Spanish poem is not a making over or a retelling, but a translation into simple and exciting prose.

THE KING'S SPURS, by Russell Gordon Carter, with illustrations by Leo O'Donnell.
(Little, Brown, and Co.)

The Crusades are very splendid to read about, as are the brave deeds of the knights who went into Mohammedan countries to fight for the Holy Sepulchre. But it wasn't always so splendid for the women and children who were left behind. This is the story of Guilbert du Guesclin whose father was killed out there, whose lands were taken from him, and who had only his own steadfastness to help him in becoming first a squire and then a knight. His adventures include a tournament, a real battle, a big fair, and everyday life in a castle.

Where does the wind begin?

What holds the stars up?

Your Children NEED The Book of Knowledge

The Children's Encyclopedia

The great departments of The Book of Knowledge tell the child or youth what is most worth knowing and they are fascinatingly illustrated by nearly everything worth seeing. The Book of Knowledge forms a marvelously handy little library of nature, science, history, biography, art, literature and manual activities. It is a delightful source of reading, entertainment and reference during the entire period of school life.

Now in the Homes of Almost 3,000,000 Children

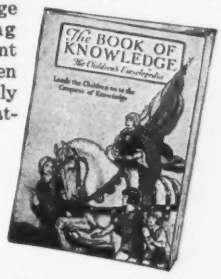
The Book of Knowledge is in the hands of close upon three million children today, and has been printed in six different languages. It is never off the press. It has become the children's friend and helper in all the major activities of their daily lives, and their most important help in getting an education that will satisfy the demands of life.

Pictures are the most effective means of conveying quickly a fact, an idea, a process, a story. The Book of Knowledge shows 15,000 striking educational pictures, 3,400 in beautiful color and gravure.

Makes Reading Children

The arrangement of The Book of Knowledge is one of its most successful features. It is based on the natural working of the mind of a child—from the Known to the Unknown—from the simple to the more complex—and *never too much or too heavy mental food at one time.* The articles are of exactly the right length to hold and not weary the attention.

Every teacher knows the marked difference between the child who reads for information and the one who does not. *That difference continues all through life.* The Book of Knowledge makes reading children, observant children, children who succeed easily in what they attempt.



FREE - - - this beautiful illustrated booklet

THE GROLIER SOCIETY, *Dept. 322*
2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

You may send me, free for my children, the beautiful booklet of 54 pages from the new edition of The Book of Knowledge, including color plate and section in gravure.

Name .....

Address .....

CHILD LIFE 9-30

How thousands of mothers will use this check-up Chart

For children and mothers both, September brings its problems . . . the opening days of school, and the importance of the youngsters getting off to a flying start.

So we offer you a guide . . . a check-up chart that other mothers have used to fine advantage . . . to help their children learn one of the most necessary of all lessons, personal cleanliness . . . and to help ease their own full days by transferring earlier, to the children themselves, more of the cleanliness responsibility.

After all that is where the responsibility should be put, just as soon as possible. Whose ears are they, anyway, that need such vigorous scrubbing, Mother's or Johnny's? Shouldn't little Mary be acquiring an active concern of her own about the state of *her* finger nails, *her* neck, *her* face and hair?

Just try, therefore, the experiment of hanging somewhere in the child's bedroom, or the bathroom, this cheerful little self-inspection card, entitled "Am I Ready for School Today?" It's exceedingly attractive, it's not too large, it's free, it's to the point, and very definitely it will have its daily good effect. Just you wait and see. Send in the coupon now, while you think of it.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. CL-9
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send without cost, the chart for children, "Am I Ready for School Today?"

Name.....
Street.....
City..... *State*.....

YOU CAN BUY

Through Child Life Shopping Service Rand McNally & Company, 270 Madison Ave., New York.

BROTHER AND SISTER SUITS

Brother and sister jersey suits in camel, sky blue, derois, almond, pimpernel, and shell pink, made especially for Best & Company. Can be guaranteed to wash without shrinking. The little girl's suit has the bloomers to match, and sells for $13.75, and the boy's for $7.95.

Just the nicest sweater for school days for both little girls and boys in red, green, blue, brown, and black zephyr yarn, with white stars, from A. G. Spalding & Bros. Price $10.00.

Trig little hats of tweed and the Czecho-Slovakia woven felt run through with a thick wool yarn, giving a tweed effect, sell around five dollars. Also the adjustable berets with one tab end forming the decoration.

Shoes to play in and work in, shoes to walk in and dance in, shoes for little girls and boys—Cantilever Cubs in all leathers, ranging from $4.00 to $6.50, according to size.

(If desired, names of shops where these articles may be purchased will be furnished upon request, and a stamped addressed envelope).

CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

[*Continued from page 439*]

Add the pepper and, if you like, 1 onion finely cut. Brown gently for 2 minutes.

Add the tomatoes and carrots and cook for 8 minutes.

Add the corn and cook 12 minutes more. Add 1 level teaspoon salt.

Add the finely cut or grated cheese just before serving time. Stir gently and serve as soon as the cheese is melted.

If you eat this standing around a camp fire, serve the Garden Stew on large square salt crackers instead of plates. It's very jolly to eat that way.

This dish may be prepared at home and taken in papers, as the others are, or may be poured into a thermos container. It is a well-balanced meal in itself and needs only sweet sandwiches or cookies, and fruit to make it a complete meal. Of course you will wash the fruit carefully and pack it well.

If you want a very special picnic some Friday evening or Saturday noon we suggest this menu:

AN AUTUMN PICNIC

Ham Rolls. Picnic surprise
Sandwiches—peanut and jelly and cream cheese
Sweet and sour pickles
Crumble kisses. Peaches

THE BROOLIN AND THE SUNSET

[*Continued from page 436*]

cause he had to hold tight to a branch with the other to keep from falling off. Fortunately for him, a thoughtful wind came along and helped by blowing on the curtain and spreading it flat against the sky. Then the Broolin, aiming at the upper right-hand corner, threw one of his stars as hard as he could, so that it went whizzing through the air and landed—spang!—pinning the corner to the sky. He did this to all the other corners; and there at last was the sunset shimmering across the west, securely held by four twinkling stars!

From the village at the foot of the hill came a faint sound of cheering, and then the ringing of vesper chimes. For a few minutes, the Broolin sat on the uppermost branch of the poplar, and teetered gently back and forth; then he climbed down out of the tree and went to finish washing his windows.

"This can't be little Edna

. . . she's grown so big and strong!"

SPARKLING eyes — sturdy legs — bubbling over with health and happiness! How different from the delicate child of two months before!

"I was shocked," writes her mother, "to learn that Edna was undernourished! I knew she was a little too thin, but we certainly fed her well—so I assumed she would develop in time.

"I was advised to mix Cocomalt with her milk—and what a change it made! In just a few weeks she has improved tremendously and is building up stronger every day."

What child experts say

Many people think "undernourished" means the same as "underfed." Yet a child might be stuffed with food every day—and still be undernourished, if certain vital elements, such as Vitamin D, were lacking or not properly digested. That is why child experts stress the importance of a *balanced* diet.

What Vitamin D does

Cocomalt contains Vitamin D, the same potent body-building element produced by summer sunshine. It helps ward off rickets and fosters growth. Cocomalt also contains malt enzymes, which digest other foods — and is so rich in food value that it adds 70% more nourishment to milk!

Special trial offer—send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form ready to mix with milk, hot or cold. Three sizes: ½ lb., 1lb., and the 5 lb. family size. As high as Cocomalt is in food value, the cost is surprisingly low. At grocers and leading drug stores. Or mail coupon and 10c. for a generous trial tin—enough for the whole family to judge what a wonderful food drink Cocomalt is.

Cocomalt

DELICIOUS HOT OR COLD

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

R. B. DAVIS CO., Dept. 99, Hoboken, New Jersey

I am enclosing 10c. Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

You don't have to "Wait till you're older!"

The world's just jam-packed full of the most interesting things—football—parties—staying up late—but Mother and Father always seem to say "wait till you're older before you try them."

That's not the way with Shredded Wheat. Here's something that young folks like and nobody says "wait till you're older" for a big heaping bowlful of Shredded Wheat swimming with good rich milk. Oh, my no, the more you eat the better you are. Ask Mother to let you try it with sliced fruit or sprinkled with berries. What a wonderful meal breakfast really can be!

SHREDDED WHEAT

Three fine story books $1.00 less than the price of one!

The chance of a lifetime! Here are many happy, profitable hours of reading for your boy or girl. We will send you, postpaid, any three of these beautifully illustrated books for $1.00. They are regular full-sized, cloth bound Rand McNally books, recently printed to sell at $1.50 and $1.25 each.

We must clear out our stock room to make space for our fall printings. A few hundred of the four books illustrated here are leit. They must be disposed of at once. So long as the stock lasts you can have any three of them for less than cost.

Just fill out the coupon below, pin a dollar bill to it and mail to us today. You'll be immensely surprised and pleased with your bargain.

ANT VENTURES—A fascinating story of Anthony Ant's thrilling adventures, delightfully illustrated with colored lithographs and black and white drawings by Harrison Cady.

PETER AND PRUE—Lost in the sky were these two little friends, and a trip to the moon is only one of the exciting things that happened to them.

JEAN'S WINTER WITH THE WARNERS—The story of a happy winter spent with a jolly New England family, with all the joys of snow, ponies, and an old fashioned Christmas.

THE GANG GOES TO MILL—A spirited adventure and treasure story of the present, where five boys are the heroes.

—Pin your dollar bill to this coupon—

RAND McNALLY & CO., Dept. M-9C
536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me postpaid the three books I have checked. A dollar is enclosed.

☐ Ant Ventures ☐ Jean's Winter with the Warners
☐ Peter and Prue ☐ The Gang Goes to Mill

Name.....

Street & Number.....

City & State.....

THE LITTLE SINGING LANTERN

[*Continued from page 438*]

it was made of?"

"I didn't say," she answered grimly. "I was leadin' up to it gradual. That lantern's made of pure gold."

"Gold!"

"Yessum. A mantel-decoration it was. And, Peter, I know Marse Hancock'd ruther your Granddaddy had it than anybody else in the world. You run along home with it."

Peter ran through the gay celebrating crowds to the room where Granddaddy waited, watching the lights.

That is how, when he had the little lantern singing on their own window sill, Peter felt as though he had had a real share in Boston's illumination.

It is how, also, next morning, the folks on Beacon Hill were amazed to see a neatly-crocheted lambrequin draping the roof-rail of the old Hancock mansion. And Sally hadn't even missed it.

(*We know that your teacher will appreciate having a story to read aloud the first day of school. Take "The Little Singing Lantern" to her, so that your classmates may enjoy it with you.*)

Coming in Child Life Soon!

A WONDERFUL new four page feature is soon to be added to CHILD LIFE. From all over the world, beautiful, unusual and really fascinating photographs are being gathered just for you.

Only the best reproductions of great masterpieces, pictures of odd birds and queer creatures doing amusing, remarkable things, photographs of your favorite CHILD LIFE authors and artists, as well as photographs of children of far-off lands celebrating their holidays, the picture life of modern heroes—all this and more you will find this autumn right here in CHILD LIFE.

Remember, this remarkable feature is being added to the magazine, and none of the regular departments will have to be omitted in order to make space for it.

Four pages of the finest pictures in the world!

Watch for it!

THE DONKEY BOY FROM WO FO SSU

[Continued from page 412]

for if he failed to-day Father would certainly not let him go again until he was much, much older.

Miss Stone called, "Wang Pao, I mean Donkey Driver, come here." And when he led the donkey behind him and went over to where she stood, he found out what she had been thinking of as they rested by the water from the clear, green Jade Fountain, for she said, "You have been such an excellent donkey driver that we feel we really should give you some extra money, so your father will be sure to know how good you are at this business. Now if I give you forty cents for our journey and another forty cents, which is what you would get if you went home behind someone else who hired your donkey, and twenty coppers to buy you some good noodles and cabbage soup, will you do what we tell you?"

Wang Pao could hardly believe what she said, but he answered in a little voice, "What do you tell me to do?" And Miss Stone said, "We want you to eat a big lunch and then ride on your donkey and go home and take the money right to your father. Then he will surely know you are a good donkey driver and then you will not be too tired. You are much too fine a donkey driver to get all tired out. Will you do as we say?"

"O, thank you and thank you. Of course I shall," said Wang Pao, and he went away with happiness all bubbling in his heart! For he knew how good the noodles and the cabbage soup would taste, and how easy it would be to ride home, and that when he arrived his father would be pleased and there would be more adventurings to-morrow and all the to-morrows to come.

(*Here is a good story to share with your classmates. Why not take it to school for your teacher to read aloud?*)

Don't be a dental policeman

—just help your children build good oral habits

IF you have to play the role of dental policeman in your home, that doesn't promise anything too good for your children's teeth. Youngsters must brush their teeth regularly and correctly... without being driven. They must get the habit—and like it.

Colgate's—many mothers tell us—proves a mighty tempting inducement to good oral habits. Its pleasant flavor and the fresh feeling it leaves behind it, make teeth-cleaning a happy incident rather than a dull necessity.

And, of course, mothers are glad to see their children use Colgate's because they know how effectively it *cleans.* Its sparkling, bubbling foam, with a surging washing action, gets into the tiny spaces where food collects—and trouble starts. Ordinary toothpastes, being more sluggish in action, do not have this important penetrating power.

Colgate's contains no drugs or medicaments to derange the bowels or upset digestion.

More dentists recommend it than any other toothpaste. Be guided by their advice. It is based on an intimate knowledge of this dentifrice which for twenty-six years has had the approval of the profession.

FREE—*First Aid for Mothers*

"The Way to Happytown" is a delightful little child's book about the adventures of Bob and Betty on the way to Happytown. In it is a toothbrushing chart which appeals to the child's play instinct . . . and offers a reward for brushing teeth regularly. It is approved by educators and helps you to teach your children the clean teeth habit. Mail the coupon and get this book—free—with a free trial tube of Colgate's.

Colgate, Dept. M-687, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, N. Y. C.

Gentlemen: Please send me "The Way to Happytown" and free trial supply of Ribbon Dental Cream for.....children.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

(Continued from page 442)

tots, four to six years old. Ruth gave a little cry when she saw what was there.

"Look at that darling little desk," she managed to say. "Isn't it wonderful? A blackboard—and colored crayons—and an alphabet—and numbers—and wooden beads on wires—and pegs—and—" But she had to stop for lack of breath.

Even Robert was interested in this little home kindergarten outfit which Miss Smith called "Playskool." It was just like kindergarten except that the children played with it at home, and they learned many lessons from it, too.

"What a relief it would have been for me if I had had something like this when the children were smaller," said Mother. "I'd have known how to keep them busy and happy, no matter what the weather."

There was also a desk in the display which Miss Smith called "Playskool Junior," which was not quite so elaborate. Then there were all types of building blocks particularly adapted to children of that age. These, like Playskool, Miss Smith said, taught the child originality and initiative. There was another little desk with sand in it, called Playskool Sandie. A little chair came with it, so that children could play in the sand whenever they wanted to, either indoors or outdoors.

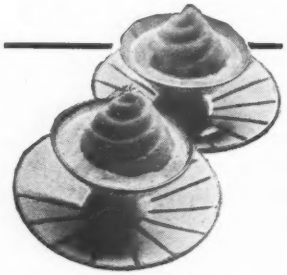
(Continued on page 462)

(Advertisement)

Good to EAT . . . *and good for* YOU!

SNOW PUDDING is an old favorite with both children and grown-ups. Here is an exciting new version of it—*Lime Snow*—made with the new Royal Lime Gelatin Dessert—the *quick setting* kind, of course.

Desserts for children should always be simple and easy to digest. Royal Gelatin Desserts—the *quick setting* kind—are especially recommended, because of their purity, and because you can make them in *half* the time it takes ordinarily.



LIME SNOW

1 package Royal Gelatin Dessert, (lime flavor), 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup cold water, ¼ teaspoon salt.

Dissolve Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert in boiling water. Add cold water and salt, and chill. When almost set, beat with egg beater until stiff enough to hold its shape. Pile in sherbet glasses or small moulds and chill until firm. Serve with Custard Sauce. Serves eight.

Two stiffly beaten egg whites may be added after whipping the mixture if a more spongy consistency is desired. Serves twelve.

Six delicious flavors—Raspberry, Strawberry, Cherry, Orange, Lemon and a brand new flavor—LIME!

Free:

New booklet "Menus and Recipes for Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert"—the latest news about gelatin dishes. Send the coupon!

ROYAL GELATIN DESSERT
Product of Standard Brands Incorporated
Dept. G-206, 695 Washington Street, New York City

Please send my copy of "Menus and Recipes for Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert."

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

AIREDALE PUP AND LION CUB

[Continued from page 427]

in a cage. True, he had enjoyed running loose that morning but he had begun to grow homesick. Tom drew a deep breath. The lion purred with pleasure, like a gigantic cat.

Back to the park went Tom and me in his car and the lion and Toby in the cage, hitched behind. On the way there, Tom told me how the lion had escaped. One bar of the cub's cage looked as strong as the other bars, but really it had a flaw in it. The cubs, in their play, bunted into the defective bar and broke it. Nobody noticed the accident at the time. The cubs all crept out through this space at night, but they were picked up in the park one after the other, the next morning, all except the cub which came to my house. The captured cubs were restored to their cage and a new bar replaced the broken one.

The escaped cub must have gone to the lake to drink, Tom thought, and then prowled up the shore for miles in the early morning, feeding on scraps along the beach, until he met his friend, Toby, at the foot of our street. Their tracks in the sand, which I saw and measured afterwards, showed that they capered together on the beach. Also there were places where they had rolled. Then Toby invited the lion to our house and the lion accepted the invitation, as I said before.

The lion's brothers and sisters were delighted to see him back and Toby with him. Toby had grown too big to squeeze through the bars this time; but Tom opened the door of the cage for the returning cub and Toby. They rushed in for a romp with the others. It was a pretty sight to see them playing. The cubs gave Toby some hearty cuffs but were careful to sheathe their nails, so as not to hurt him. Toby gave the cubs as good as they sent, but it was all in fun. Tom brought Toby and me home in his automobile and thanked us heartily for helping him catch the lion.

In a few days, as soon as he could get it made and engraved, Tom Clark gave Toby a brass tag, with a snap to fasten the tag to Toby's collar. The engraving on the tag says to pass the bearer into Cage 3—that's the cubs' cage—in the lion section of the animal house.

Of course, it is a long journey from our house to the park but Toby has a good arrangement for getting there, nowadays. On the days when he is going, he takes a four o'clock breakfast. I set it out for him just before I go to bed the night before, because I sleep until seven nearly every morning. Toby, knowing that this food was ready, woke up at midnight the first night, hogged it down and was hungry again by morning. True, the lions let Toby gnaw a bone, when he visited them that day,

but one bone was all they had left and there wasn't much meat on it. Now Toby is sensible and eats his breakfast in our home, at the proper hour.

Then he trots three blocks to the store, where my mother buys groceries. At half past four, the grocer's motor truck starts for the city, to bring back fresh vegetables to the store. Toby hops on the truck and sits with the driver. Toby jumps out at the park and runs to the young lion's den. He has an hour's play with them, before the truck gets back to the park, on the homeward journey.

In that way, Toby visits the young lions, whenever he pleases. He spends many a jolly morning hour, frolicing with his big playmates. They are three quarters grown now and very powerful, but they wouldn't hurt Toby for anything in the world.

Sometimes, I go with Toby. The young lions are delighted to see us. I stand at the cage door, while the attendant looks at Toby's pass and then lets him into the cage. The young lions play with Toby and they stretch out their paws to me. I was shy at first about shaking hands with a lion, but those young lions lay their heavy paws in my outstretched palm, as lightly as a gentle kitten would.

GOLD ISLAND

[*Continued from page 424*]

for both of you. I feel quite sure she will."

"Really, this is getting mysterious," laughed June as they started off.

It took but a few minutes to tell Mrs. Ronback of June's prompt action and the boys' latest discovery, and the surprise was evident when John's mother brought out the sack of gold-dust and placed it before the girl.

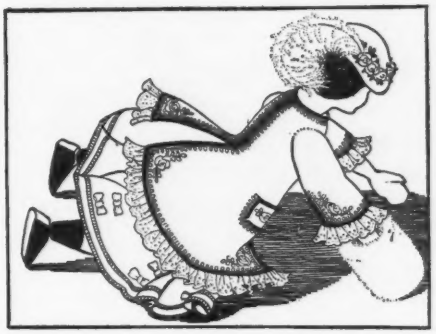
"There can be no doubt but that it is yours," she said, and added softly, "and we mothers both have reason to be proud of our children, to-day. I'm not forgetting David, either. And now, boys, you must help June carry her treasure back home."

Mr. Ronback's eyes twinkled as the boys finished their eager tale when next he came. "And did you get your reward?" he asked quietly.

Before the eyes of John and David there flashed a picture—a picture of the tear-stained but happy faces of June and Mrs. Merton.

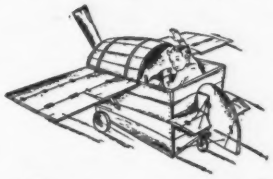
"You bet we did!" they said.

The Best Children's Book of the Year



HITTY
Her First Hundred Years
By Rachel Field.
Illustrated by Dorothy Lathrop
Awarded THE JOHN NEWBERY MEDAL

Hitty has won the hearts of thousands of readers, boys and girls and grown ups. The adventures of this small wooden doll cover various periods of American history from the old whaling days to the present. Bound in gay cloth and delightfully illustrated, this book belongs in everyone's library. $2.50



PLAYING AIRPLANE
By John F. McNamara

Here is a very practical book on flying for small people. The author, who is a father as well as an aviator, wrote it after having shown his own children how to fly in a model plane made from a barrel and some boards. Fully illustrated by Frank Dobias. $2.50

A New Pre-School Series

THE WHITE KITTEN AND THE BLUE PLATE
By Inez Hogan

A nonsense picture story book with colored illustrations on every page. $1.00

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A book to read, to whistle, to look at, and to laugh over. $1.00

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An amusing story with gay pictures which has been thoroughly approved by a class of children at Teachers College. $1.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

TRY THE GAME OF "THERE SHE BLOWS!"

By FRANCES MARGARET FOX

Author of "*Janey*," "*Adventures of Sonny Bear*," "*The Kinderkins*," etc.

ONE stormy afternoon when even the ducks sought shelter, Aunt Peggy had to think up a new game for Laura and Mary Anna, Delphine and Priscilla, and two little boys. So she asked them if they would like to try the game of "There She Blows!"

"This is not a game of winds," said Aunt Peggy. "It is a game of whales, and before we can play the game we shall have to cut out some paper whales. So we will first get paper, and scissors, and crayons. Do any of you know what a whale is?"

"I remember," said Laura. "A whale looks like the biggest fish in all the ocean, but it really is like a cow that can swim and live in the water and it is not a real fish!"

"A whale is a mammal," agreed Aunt Peggy, "but instead of having legs like our land animals, it has fins and lives in the ocean with the fishes. The baby whales are called calves and go swimming close beside their mothers, who protect them from danger. They give the little calves milk just the way cows do, and do not wean their babies until they are a year old."

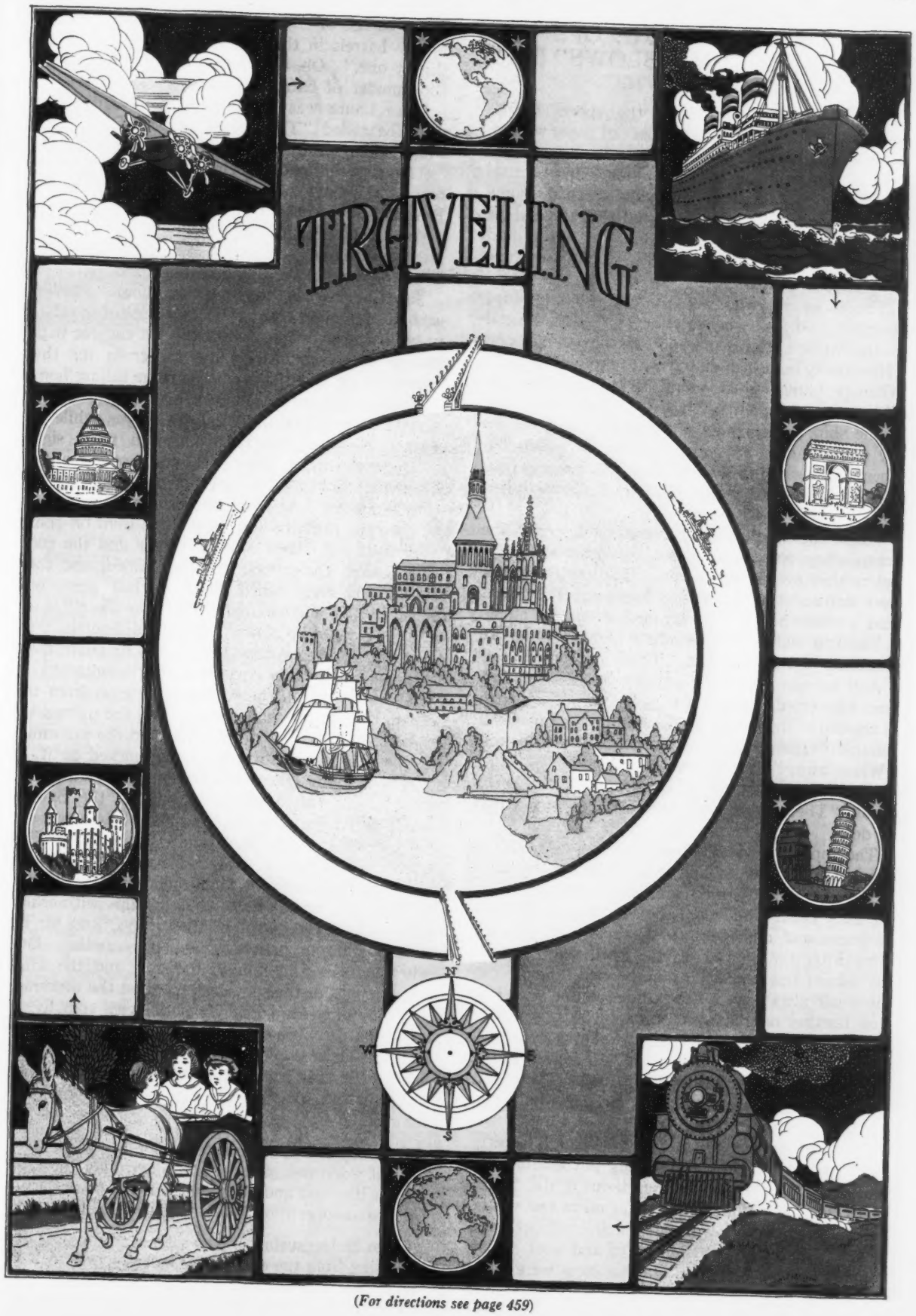
Then Aunt Peggy told those small girls and boys the story of the old days when ships from New England went sailing for whales.

"There were no electric lights in those days," she went on, "and neither were there any kerosene lamps because coal oil had not been discovered. Houses were lighted with wax and tallow candles, or with lamps which burned lard or whale oil.

"There were barrels and barrels of oil in the body of every whale, and that was why ships were built on purpose to go after whales."

Then Aunt Peggy found books that had pictures of whales. She told the children that the sailormen went after two kinds of whales. One was called the Right Whale and one was called the Sperm Whale. Candle makers could make beautiful

[*Continued on page 456*]



(For directions see page 459)

TRY THE GAME OF "THERE SHE BLOWS"

[Continued from page 454]

candles by using the oil of the sperm whale.

While Laura and Mary Anna cut out paper whales, Aunt Peggy told the children something about the kind of ships that were called whale-ships because the only cargo they were expected to bring home was whale oil in barrels. She said that these ships all had square white sails and that the captain and all the sailormen loved their ships. Sometimes ships were gone two years.

The sailormen who went on the whaling ships were not paid for their everyday work. At the end of the voyage, the owner of the ship would say, "How many barrels of oil have you brought home?" When he found out he would divide the barrels of oil into shares. So many barrels were for the owner of the ship, so many for the captain, so many for the mate, and so many for each of the sailormen. Then every sailorman home from the sea was paid for the number of barrels of oil in his share. But no oil, no pay!

When the whaling ships were sailing over the ocean, they sometimes sailed for days and days before they even saw a whale. If streams of water were seen spouting straight up in the air, that meant that a whale had been discovered swimming along.

The first sailor to see a whale blowing water up in the air always shouted, "There she blows!"

And he was a lucky sailorman, because the first man who spied a whale was paid five dollars extra at the end of the voyage. The minute the sailorman shouted, "There she blows!" another would answer, "Where away?" and "I see—there she blows!"

Next minute all the sailormen would begin to shout, "There she blows!" until the captain came on deck.

The captain on a whaling-ship used to be called "the old man," even though he might be a young man.

So it was the old man who gave orders to lower the little boat. And then the sailormen took their harpoons and climbed into the boat and paddled away after the whale. Then, when they reached the side of the whale, they harpooned him. First, the whale always went down, but soon he would be seen floating on the water because he was full of air and could never swim again. Sailors used to kill the whales so quickly with their harpoons that the whales never knew what had happened. After that, the sailormen tied a rope around the whale and hauled him back to their ship.

There they cut off his fat—they called it blubber—and loaded it on the deck. They put the blubber in a big kettle and cooked the oil out of it. Sometimes there were ninety barrels of oil in one whale.

If a whaling ship was lucky, and whales were plenty, she quickly had her cargo and went sailing home. There the captain and his crew were paid.

"So now let's play 'There She Blows!'" said Aunt Peggy. "First, let's mark on the paper whales how many barrels of oil there are in each one. Perhaps ninety barrels in this plump one—and ten in this skinny one." Oh, they had a merry time marking the number of barrels in each of the whales.

Then Laura was the captain of a whaling ship that she called "The Velvet Rocking-Chair," and Mary Anna was captain of "Sailing Davenport."

The captains chose their crews. Delphine and one of the boys sailed with Captain Laura, and Priscilla and the other boy with Captain Mary Anna.

Aunt Peggy had to play that she was Old Father Neptune because someone had to hide the whales in plain sight, in the living room ocean.

Just then big brother Alan came home from high school. He said he would be the owner of the ships, in his office, at home, on shore. He cut out paper money so he could pay the sailormen for their barrels of oil when they should come sailing home.

And so the fun began. Of course the captains and the crews had to blind their eyes while old Father Neptune hid the whales in plain sight.

"Now sail away from port, you two ships, and bring me back good cargoes of sperm oil for the candle-makers!" was big brother Alan's order.

Then the captains and their crews went on board the good ship Velvet Rocking-Chair and the good ship Sailing Davenport, and they sailed, and they sailed, and they sailed, until at last some one spied a whale and shouted, "*There she blows!*"

And "There she blows," the others shouted.

Of course, the captains had to stay on board their ships while the crews paddled after whales.

At last when all the whales were gone from the ocean, the captains sailed home, and the paymaster counted their barrels of oil. He paid the sailormen in paper money with dollar signs marked on it.

It isn't really fair to tell which ship caught more whales, the Velvet Rocking-Chair or the Sailing Davenport. But the captains and their crews sat on the wharf after they landed, and sang sailor chanties, and had a gay good time talking about what they would buy with all their whale oil money.

There are no old time whaling ships with white sails out on the ocean in these days, and we no longer light our houses with sperm candles. But whenever the rain falls in torrents, and the wind blows a gale, or the snow beats against the windows, you may play Aunt Peggy's game, with your living room for the blue ocean. And you may play the game in all sorts of ways, with all sorts of paper fishes swimming about. And you may sing, as you sail, this old song from Nantucket, written by a sea captain in the long ago:

"Thou didst, O Lord, create the mighty whale,
That wondrous monster of a mighty length;
Vast is his head and body, vast his tail,
Beyond conception his unmeasured strength.

"When he the surface of the sea hath broke,
Arising from the dark abyss below,
His breath appears a lofty stream of smoke,
The circling waves like glitt'ring banks of snow."

CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club.

The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

CHILD LIFE ROSE WALDO, *Editor*

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY 536 S. CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

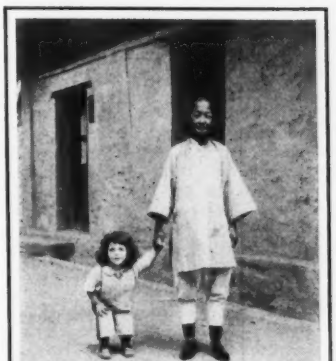
Dear Child Life:

My home is in far-away China. We often visit the old temples. In one where we often go to spend the night there are three Chinese buildings which contain some very old Buddhas. In one, there is a very large figure which is called "the Sleeping Buddha." He lies on a platform on one side of the room with his head in one hand. He is usually covered with a long blanket. On one side of the room in which he is, there is a row of very large shoes, in sizes too big for any ordinary man, for him to wear when he awakes. Sometimes we hear the priests singing prayers before the Buddhas. There were first two hundred priests at this particular temple, but there are only four now. Certain Chinese people believe in everything the Buddhas are supposed to say.

We live in a Compound, which is a group of houses surrounded by a wall and enclosing a beautiful garden. Children live in nearly every house, and most of us go to the American school. In the summertime in the evening we play games on the lawn, or somebody brings out a "Child Life," while everyone crowds around to get a glimpse of it.

"Child Life" is my favorite magazine which I have long loved and taken. The thrilling stories make me wish for new issues to come. I especially like the stories, poems, and the letters in the Joy Givers' Club.

I have written a story about a young Chinese boy that I thought might interest you. It shows a little of what is happening here in China. The time did come when the crops were all scorched and hardly worth using. The locusts came just lately and ruined everything else. There are many men trying to help the famine sufferers now. Chinese men often come to find work at the homes of foreigners. Small wars often occur among the soldiers in different parts of the country.



MARY DUNLAP'S BROTHER AND NURSE
Peiping, China

I thought you might be interested in seeing a picture of our Amah, or nurse, with my small two-year-old "Deedee" (little brother). Young children in China are often called Deedee and Maymay (little sister) instead of their real names. This picture was taken in the Western Hills twenty miles from Peiping.

MARY DUNLAP,
46 North Compound
Peiping, China.

Dear Child Life:

My home is in Africa. It is really a lovely place to live. Our life out here always is a romantic story. At least mine is.

We live on Stanley Pool, in sight and sound of the romantic rapids of the Congo River which kept the white man out of this part of the land for so long. We live at the foot of the hill where Stanley made his first camp on the pool which was afterward named for him. Our little brick cottage is on the exact spot where the old caravan trail used to cross on its way from Matadi, where the ocean boats stopped, up to Leopoldville West, where we live. The plot of ground upon which we live was given to the mission, before the government ever entered, by an old chief of the tribe down here.

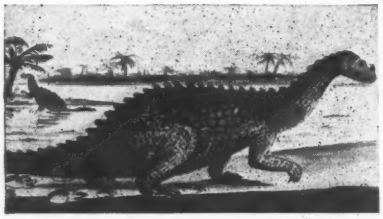
My old home was where the Congo River crosses the equator. Daddy would oftentimes kill a crocodile from his office window, which was on the second story of one of the buildings on the station.

Once when we were on one of the river boats, the native captain, when looking through the binoculars, saw something like a sand bank, but it was kind of a funny sand bank. Steering the ship towards it he came to look again at what he thought a sand bank and, looking down in the water, saw a huge dead hippo. Tying it alongside the boat with some chain we took it to a small wood post, and there we tied up for the night.

Age 9.

ROGER P. ROSS,
Leopoldville-West,
Congo Belge,
W. C. Africa.

How do we know this monster ever lived?



Smart Children Ask Questions!

EVERYTHING starts with a question. And nobody can tell where those questions are going to lead to.

A young boy who learned how to read the rocks became a great mining engineer. And now he is President of these United States.

What did the reading of rocks have to do with becoming President of the United States?

Nobody knows. Except that when you begin asking questions about one thing AND GETTING THE ANSWERS, you begin asking a lot of questions about a lot of things. And the answers always lead you somewhere.

Don't let anybody stop you from asking questions. And don't let ANYTHING keep you from getting the answers.

Children ask questions not because they know less, but because their minds are more alive and they want to know more.

Curiosity is one of the deepest fundamentals of life. All of the progress of the world has come because of the questions that were asked. And most of the progress has started with the questions of boys and girls.

If you want to provide a wonderful help to yourself, then get your father or mother to buy you *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia.*

Here you will get the answers to the questions you are always asking. And the wonderful pictures will help you to understand. Boys and girls who have Compton's nearly always get along better in school, and become greater leaders amongst other boys and girls, and prepare for a greater success in later life.

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Please send me at once, without any obligation, Free Sample Section and Free Questionario Game with full information as to how and where I can get Compton's.

Parent's Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

☐ Pre School ☐ Grade School ☐ High School

Dear Miss Waldo:

Betty Walker and I are having a secret language and a secret talk. To-night was the eclipse of the moon. In China the Chinese people think that a dragon or a dog has taken a bite out of the moon, so sometimes they try to shoot the dragon. I am writing a book of poems called "Poems for Children."

Love from,

EDITH ROBERTS,
Age 9. Shanghai, China.

RUTH ALEXANDER
2 Rue de Verneuil, Paris, France

Dear Miss Waldo:

This picture is of my brother and me in our bathing suits on the beach at a little place called Houlgate in Normandy.

We went to a house that Napoleon lived in, and his wife Josephine also. The house is called Mal Maison.

We are going to a French school in Paris. Every month I get my magazine and enjoy it very much.

RUTH ALEXANDER,
2 Rue de Verneuil
Age 9½. Paris, France.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live on a ranch in the north of Coahuila in Mexico. We go horseback riding every afternoon. The ranch is a cattle ranch and it is fun rounding up cattle. My horse's name is Gachupin (Spaniard) and I am very fond of him. He eats bread and sugar and I give it to him all the time.

I have never studied in a public or boarding school. I have studied at home. I take German, Spanish and French. Spanish is not hard for me as I speak it a lot with the Mexicans, and German is not hard as it is my own language. The only language that is a little hard for me is French.

I remain, yours lovingly,

SENTA VON KNOOP,
El Infant Apt. 31.
Age 10. Muzquiz, Coah., Mexico.

NOTICE TO JOY GIVERS

Contributions intended for Joy Givers' department of the December issue of CHILD LIFE will be received in this office up to and not later than September 30. Stories from 250 words in length and poems suitable for this issue are desired, as well as letters about interesting places you have visited, unusual things that you have done, interesting pets, etc.—these to be accompanied, if you wish, by your photograph. The best of these contributions will be selected and published; but even in cases where we cannot print your stories and poems and letters because of lack of space we are always glad to hear from you.

GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE

[*Continued from page 434*]

standing is the only real basis for peace and friendship."

It wasn't possible for all the members to go traveling around the world, in order to become better acquainted with the boys and girls of other lands. But it was possible for them to read books and stories about them, and this they did. A few of them found the names and addresses of children living in other countries, too, and wrote to them, and whenever an answer was received, it was read aloud in a meeting of the Brocton Good Citizens' League before an enthusiastic audience.

Branch League Activities

Perhaps some of the girls in your branch league can do French needlework or Italian drawn work, and it would be nice to have an exhibit of their work at the last meeting of the month. At this same meeting one of your members might tell an English translation of a Russian fairy tale; another might play and sing the "Marseillaise," the French national song; a third could read an English translation of a Norwegian poem—for instance, "The Tree," by Bjornson. Those members who are musicians might each play a composition by Bach, Grieg, or composition of some other foreign land or sing a folk song of another nation. Then you might divide your branch league into two or more groups, each group learning a folk dance for the entertainment of the others.

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age, and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

April Honor Roll

(*Continued from last month*)

Dean Keil
Hazel Keil
Loyd Keil
Rachel Keil
Virginia Keil
Marjorie Kellis
Bobby Kelly
Dorothy Kelly
Wilborn Kelly
Mary Kiernan
Betty Kieweg
Charles Knudtson
Edith Knudtson
Florence Knudtson
Melburn Knudtson
Jane Korzon
Dale Kruckman
Walter Kyder
Charles Kyripka
Rosalie Labrucherie
Josephine Lake
John Landany
Arlean Law
William Law
Anne Lehr
Richard Leichty
Harry Leonardo
Eleanor Lopinski
Arline Lucentre
Ruth Lucentre
Pauline Lumis
Bobby McCain

Robert McCarty	Susie Miller
Bion McCurry, Jr.	Ralph Miserendino
Martha McIntosh	John Raymond Mitchell
Rita McManus	Ora Molaison
William Magill	Anna K. Molster
Patsy Mangusi	Chris Monson
Frank Marino	Hans Monson
Madeline Marino	Leona Moore
Laura Marsh	Joseph Mrowfka
June Matthes	William Mugford
James Matthews	Eric Munson
Nancy Maturo	Ethel Myers
Joe Mazur	Martha Neff
Kathryn Mazur	Dorothy Nelson
Mariano Melillo	Ernest Noefke
Dorothy Mercer	Louis Onofrio
Emil Miller	Michael Onofrio
Hazel Miller	Kathrine Osborne
Marjory Miller	Mary M. Owen
Nettie Miller	Albert Paceilo

(*Continued on page 465*)

TRAVELING

Game Directions

By CLARA FAHRENBACH

(*See page 455*)

THIS game can be played on the open page of the magazine with buttons. Each player has one button to move around the game board, also one large button to be used by all the players for a counter. The large button is tossed into the lid of a small box. If it falls right side up it means that you are to move into a dark space on the game board. If it falls wrong side up it means that that you are to move into a light space on the game board.

Four people may play.

We are traveling to a foreign city on the banks of a mighty river, which has many bridges. We travel by ship, airplane, train and cart. Each player selects a corner to start from and travels around the game board from left to right. We must play each separate square and toss the button accordingly. If we do not we forfeit a turn.

After we have been around the board once, and are again in the square we started from, we can move from left to right or right to left to the nearest bridge. When we arrive on the space before the bridge we must make the bridge in one turn, or we must take one of the small boats or cruisers on the river and go all the way around the circle and come back to the bridge. After we are on the bridge, it takes two throws of the button wrong side up to enter the city.

The first to enter wins the game.

Dear Child Life:

I have lived in Haiti one year now and I like it very much. There are so many curious things here that are very interesting. The other day a friend of mine found some clam shells up on the top of a mountain. That shows that there was an ocean up there once.

The natives live in mud and straw houses with thatched roofs. Sometimes in the market you will see them going around with one or two eggs in their hands trying to sell them for "dix" (ten) sentiems, or two cents gold.

FRANCES ANN COOK,
Age 11. Port au Prince, Haiti.
Care Director General Service d'Hygiene.

Dear Miss Waldo:

We have had a volcano eruption in July. It was very beautiful to look down at the red hot lava.

I live way out in the country. I have two brothers, Walter twelve and Howard eleven. I have two big cats and three small kittens.

MARJORIE NAQUIN,
Age 10½. Kukuihaele, Hawaii.

Dear Child Life:

I have a cat and a rabbit for my pets. They are both very cute.

I live in Anahola on the Island of Kauai, Territory of Hawaii. Kauai was the first of the Hawaiian group to be discovered by Captain Cook.

The Southern Cross flew from Oakland, California, to Australia, stopping at the Barking Sands, Kauai. Another spot on our Island of national reputation is Waialeale, a mountain peak about five thousand feet high and known as the wettest spot in the world. The Island of Kauai is well known to tourists as the "Garden Island." The reason for this is because the island is so green.

Some day, may I write to you again and tell the Joy Givers' Club something about Kilauea, the largest active volcano in the world?

Your reader,
CONWAY M. MARCALLINO,
Age 9. Anahola, Kauai,
Territory Hawaii.

CONWAY M. MARCALLINO
Anahola, Kauai, Ter. Hawaii

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live in Havana, Cuba. It is very hot here. I went to La Playa yesterday. La Playa is a beach. My father is an aviator. Therefore, I have seen Cuba by air. I have never been inside Morro Castle, but I hope I may soon. Last Monday was a big holiday here. It was Cuba's Independence Day, also the day the President's Palace was to be opened.

JERRY BEAM,
62 Chivas Bldg.
Calle Cy 25th
Age 10. Havana, Cuba.

When Fathers are DOCTORS . .

baby things are given safe Lux care

WHEN fathers are doctors, every bit of baby's routine is planned in the most *scientific* way.

Take the question of washing woolens and diapers and the rest of baby's things. Doctors know how important it is to use the very purest, finest soap there is! To quote a well-known child specialist—"Strong soaps allowed to remain in the garment, often cause severe eruptions."

Knowing this, just which soap do doctors prescribe for cleansing their own babies' things?

We asked scores of doctors' wives . . . 91% answered, "We use Lux."

Lux is made of the very purest materials known . . . contains not the least trace of the harmful, irritating alkali found in so many soaps . . . is soothing and gentle and bland.

Just a dip in the instant, sparkling Lux bubbles—no rubbing—and baby woolens are soft and downy as new. Diapers sweetly, safely clean!

Send your children to the *Sunshine Schools this winter!*

FROM KINDERGARTEN TO JUNIOR COLLEGE

No extra cost!

GIVE your children the advantages of a winter in Florida's health-building sunshine, bathing in the flood of ultra-violet rays which good old Dr. Sun dispenses at St. Petersburg. It need not mean sacrifice for them or for you of home life or scholastic opportunities. St. Petersburg's Sunshine Schools from kindergarten to Junior College—as good as any schools in the land—are open to your children without tuition. Junior College only $120 yearly. Private schools if you prefer. You can keep the family together, all can enjoy outdoor life and play, bathing in sun and sea, and escape from snow and ice—at no extra cost. Apartments, furnished homes and hotel accommodations available to suit every taste and purse. Your winter coal bill will pay your way to Florida.

FREE BOOKLETS

To thousands of parents the way is now open to aid their children to sturdy health, at the same time enabling them to make better school progress. You'll be interested . . . . write today for school folder and booklet.

THE SUNSHINE CITY

St. Petersburg FLORIDA

MAIL TODAY FOR FREE BOOKLETS

S. A. Deaderick,
Chamber of Commerce,
St. Petersburg, Florida

Please send me a copy of your special school folder and city booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

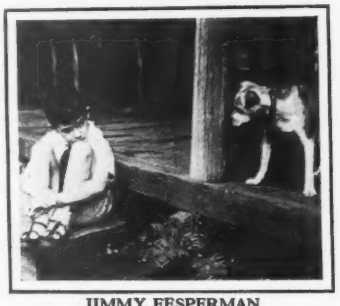
Dear Child Life:

My home, here in China, is about thirty miles from the home and burial place of Confucius. I suppose everyone knows who Confucius was. He was a great Chinese teacher living about 500 B.C. Last spring our family went to the city where he lived and was buried. Leading to the grave was a stone road with large trees on either side. The grave is a huge mound of dirt. The ancestors and descendants of Confucius are buried in the same grounds.

We saw a tree (dead) that one of Confucius' followers had planted and the stump of one he planted himself.

There are lots of temples which are very pretty. The main one is very beautiful too, especially the stone pillars which are wonderfully carved.

JULIA CONNELY,
Age 12. Tsining, Shantung, China.



JIMMY FESPERMAN
Yamagata, Japan

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live in Yamagata, Japan. My mother teaches me at home, as we have no American school here.

I have one English and three American playmates. I have a dog named Happy and a bird named Pip.

JIMMY FESPERMAN,
Age 7. Yamagata, Japan.

MOON SONG

O, moon that shines above,
The moon I e'er shall love,
When glory streams
From thy radiant beams,
My heart begins to beat,
While you and the stars,
Watch through the hours.
Our dog is howling,
Wild-cats are growling.
And you retreat.
Then out comes the sun—
Day has begun!

CHARLES WELLES LAWRENCE,
Las Tortugas, La Gloria,
Age 9. Batopolas, Mexico.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live in Seoul, the capital of Korea. I am sending you two postals of the Korean people. The first is of two girls standing on the ends of a plank. One jumps and her force sends the other girl up in the air. The other picture is of some men playing Korean checkers. Notice their pipes and funny looking hats. The Korean bread and butter is rice and pickles. The women's dresses are a long skirt down to the feet and a middy.

I was born out there. I was in America two years, but that was when I was five and I am twelve now. I go to a foreign school of about seventy pupils. I am coming to America in another five years.

RUTH MARTIN,
190 Tachegoecho
Outside West Gate
Seoul, Korea.

IVER JOHNSON
SAFETY FIRST FOR LITTLE FOLKS
BETTER QUALITY

Iver Johnson Quality constitutes definite assurance against accidents due to low grade materials and poor workmanship.

IVER JOHNSON

VELOCIPEDES
AND
JUNIORCYCLES
(SIDEWALK CYCLES)

While light in weight and easiest to pedal, the Fine Materials, Expert Workmanship and Skillful Designing make them the Safest and Strongest juvenile cycles on the market.

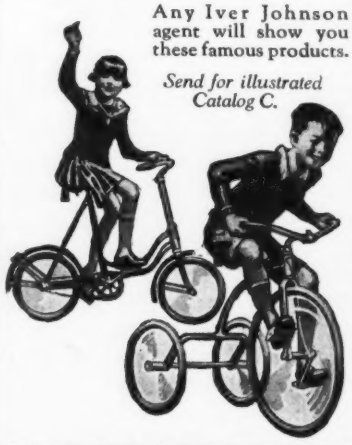
Seamless tubing and drop forgings used exclusively: no castings or stampings.

VELOCIPEDES—4 Sizes. Finished in Red, Blue or Golden Enamel. $12.50 to $18.00.

JUNIORCYCLES—Drop Frame and Diamond Frame. Finished in same colors as the Velocipedes. $25.00

Any Iver Johnson agent will show you these famous products.

Send for illustrated Catalog C.



IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
10 River Street Fitchburg, Mass.
New York, 151 Chambers Street
Chicago, 108 West Lake Street
San Francisco - - - 717 Market Street

Nazareth
CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR

FOR EVERY SEASON

French panty style knitted underwear can be had in Nazareth fall and winter weight fabrics.

This means added comfort with but little weight and these styles will not show below outer garments.

If your retailer cannot supply you with genuine Nazareth underwear, write us, mention his name and we will see that you are supplied.

Style HS
(at left)
Infant's Shirt. Fall and winter weight, cream tinted, part wool, rayon stripe, fleeced fabric. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Also made in pin back and tie-side styles. Price 50 cents a garment.

Style P/1
(at left)
Fall and winter panties. French style, trunk leg, cream tint, rayon stripe, part wool. Elastic waist band. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 35 cents per garment. Sizes 4, 5, 6, 50 cents a garment.

Style BUDN
(at right)
Fall and winter weight. Dutch neck. Shortsleeve, trunk leg, waist union suit for boy or girl. Bleached, fleeced, knitted fabric. Taped front back and sides. Non-rusting pin tubes. Taped buttons.

BUDN/2
Same style without sleeves. Sizes 2-3 to 12-13. Price $1.00.

Catalog sent on request

NAZARETH WAIST CO.
Dept. L
366 Broadway, New York
Mills at Nazareth, Pa.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I came to China when I was only seven months old. My little brother and sister were born here.

Every spring hundreds of women and children pass our house on the way to the tea hongs where they pick the stem from the tea leaves. The farmers grow jasmine flowers, which they put into the tea to make it fragrant.

In the spring of the year I like to raise silkworms. We feed them mulberry leaves, and soon they spin silk for us. It is very interesting to watch them change from an egg into a worm, then into a cocoon and then into a little white moth.

Once when we were coming home from a picnic we found that we had left a sweater behind. So Mother hired a ricksha and sent us back for it. Instead of riding we persuaded the coolie to let us draw each other in it. We had a lot of fun.

With love,
MARTHA HAVIGHURST,
Foochow, China.

BETTY BALDWIN
Lausanne, Switzerland

Dear Child Life:

We have been through Brittany and liked it a great deal. A funny thing happened when we came from Paris to Lausanne, for the minute we touched Switzerland a woman came on board the train and swept up the floor. We traveled around Switzerland for a while and then came back to settle down and get ready for the school days. Schools are much different over here because the lowest class is nine, the second eight and the third seven, and so forth. I am in sixth class and have a very nice teacher and I like school a great deal.

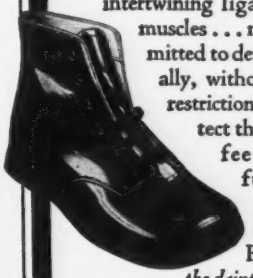
When we traveled through Switzerland we went up the Rigi and the Jungfrau and also the Gornegratt, and have walked on the Eiger Glacier which is said to be the largest in Europe. We didn't cross it but walked about three yards on it and then returned. We have been on the Furka and Grimsel passes and have had a very interesting time.

I am inclosing a picture of my brother and sister and me on the Axenstrasse. I am the girl to the right. My sister is eight and my brother twelve.

Sincerely,
BETTY BALDWIN,
Pension Clarence
11 Rue Beausejeur
Age 10. Lausanne, Switzerland.

Your baby's feet

When Baby begins to toddle . . . climb . . . walk . . . scamper hither and yon all day long . . . those little feet must be tended with loving care! Fifty-two perfectly matched, delicate bones with their intertwining ligaments and muscles . . . must be permitted to develop naturally, without harmful restrictions . . . to protect those precious feet against future pain. The answer is: "Simplex Flexies" . . . *the dainty little health shoes that keep young feet young.* Obtainable at leading shoe and department stores.



SIMPLEX SHOE MFG. CO.
Department E9-30
Milwaukee, Wis.

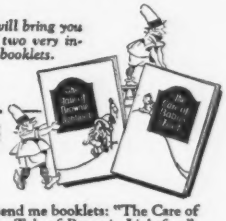
Creators of dainty footwear for young feet from 1 to 21.

High and low styles, all widths, in a great variety of fine leathers. Special non-soak, double-wear soles.

Simplex Flexies
KEEP YOUNG FEET YOUNG

Look for the name "Simplex Flexies" stamped on the bottom of each sole—your protection against substitution.

The coupon will bring you free copies of two very interesting booklets.



SIMPLEX SHOE MFG. COMPANY
Dept. E9-30,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Without obligation, send me booklets: "The Care of Baby's Feet" and "The Tale of Brownie Lightfoot".

Name .....

Address .....

FLOWERS and FAIRIES

...is the name of this picture

WOULDN'T you love to have it to color with your CRAYOLA Wax Crayons? Ask Mother to write your name on the little coupon and mail it today. It's a magic coupon that will bring you this picture and *nine* others...ready for you to color with your CRAYOLA Wax Crayons.

If you haven't a package of CRAYOLA, ask Mother to buy you one today...it's only 10c, and comes in a bright yellow and green box.

BINNEY & SMITH COMPANY
41 East 42nd Street New York

--The MAGIC COUPON---

Binney & Smith Co., 41 East 42 St., New York, N.Y.
Please send me my CRAYOLA pictures...FREE.
Name .....
Address .....

CRAYOLA

Freckles

or a clear skin?

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 37 years thousands of users have endorsed it. So easy to use. The first jar proves its magic worth. If you use Bleach Cream you need no other product than Stillman's Freckle Cream. The most wonderful Bleach science can produce. At all drug stores.

Only- 50¢ for FULL OZ. JAR Stillman's Freckle Cream REMOVES FRECKLES WHITENS THE SKIN

STILLMAN COMPANY, Aurora, Ill., U. S. A.
29 Beauty Dept. Send free booklet—Tells why you have freckles—how to remove them.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

THE YEAR'S CROP

In a small Chinese home a few miles from Peiping lived a poor family with not enough food nor clothing. Bau Shiang was the only son.

One cruelly hot day he was working in the fields of grain. He stood painfully up after binding yet another sheaf of wheat. What a sad sight! In front of him he saw long rows of yellow wheat, about a foot tall, which the sun had scorched—hardly any grain at all. Most of it had to be used for hay. Bau Shiang was very sad at this but he finished his work and bundled what grain there was upon his back and walked slowly home in the heat. Before each village temple, as he passed, sat its little god, sunning himself in the hope of bringing rain.

When he reached home he found his father grinding wheat that the boy had picked a few days before. He found his mother trying to find enough food for the noon meal at eleven o'clock.

A few weeks later the next crop was planted. The weather was fair, so the crops prospered. The crops were nearly ripe when suddenly a hoard of locusts came into the land and ate it all up, leaving nothing but little dry sticks in the earth.

"Ai ya ai ya, hsien tsai mu yo fan (Alas, now there is no more food)," cried all the family together.

Now there were some Christians in Peiping, who had heard of the famine in the country, so they were trying to save money to help them. As autumn came on they did earn enough to buy food and clothing for a few poor families.

When they reached the home of Bau Shiang, they found a young child with nothing on. The rest of the family had very little, and were glad of the food and clothing brought to them.

Bau Shiang and his family bowed low saying, "Hsie hsie, hsie hsie (Thank you, thank you)."

They showed the foreigners around the place which was poor enough. In the yard beside the mud house, which was their home, stood many little mounds of earth, with a rag or a bit of paper on the top of each, prayers on the graves of the ancestors of the family.

A few years later a neatly dressed young Chinese, about the age of twenty, went to one of the Christian homes in Peiping to find work. He told the master of the house that he was once the poor boy, Bau Shiang, from the country village of Hai Tien. He wanted work if he could find it.

The master thought a minute, and then said, "Could you do a coolie's work? I will pay you fourteen dollars a month."

"No, I want no pay for a few months. I want to repay you for what you did for us long ago."

The master smiled, pleased with his spirit. "But I could not take your service without pay."

"I work for pay then," said Bau Shiang. In his mind he thought, "I will work hard to repay him."

Things went well for a time, then war broke out in the country. The Christians had to flee to America to save their lives.

The soldiers would go into the homes of country people and claim all that they had. Bau Shiang's parents were quite old and still lived in the country. He had to save them in spite of the danger there. He brought them into the city and as he had earned enough money to take them out of the war-path, he did so. Here they were safe and happy.

Bau Shiang worked hard for an old farmer until his death His children grew up to be very happy, energetic people.

MARY DUNLAP,
Peiping, China.

Journeys to Advertising Land

(Continued from page 452)

Robert was the one who whistled with interest at the next section of the display. There among the toys for six to eight-year-olds was a hammer and nail set for boys who like to build, and that, of course, included most boys and a great many girls.

"You see," said Miss Smith, "the Hammer-Nail set includes a supply of composition board and several suggestive patterns for designs. Most children like to invent their own designs and the Hammer-Nail set allows them to do so. Blocks for making trees and houses come with the set and aid in building a landscape to accompany the patterns. "What do you think of it, Robert?"

But Robert was so absorbed he didn't even hear her question. He was thinking about all the things he could make with a hammer and nail set like that.

At the next part of the display, it was Ruth's turn to whistle. There in the center of several other toys was a really and truly doll's house with windows and doors and a garage and sun-parlor—even a chimney. It had an attic, an upstairs and a downstairs. In it were little rooms—even a bathroom. Ruth just stared and stared.

Robert, too, was interested, and asked Miss Smith if he could build one like it. She explained that the little house could be taken apart and put together again as many times as they wished.

"Playskool Institute calls it a 'Build-At-Will Doll House,'" she told him. "When you take it apart and then rebuild it, you can change the floor plan, if you like—that is, you can change the rooms around just as you please. And, of course, that helps you develop originality in constructing things. It's good-sized, too—38 inches high, 28½ inches long and 15½ inches wide, not counting the garage and sun-parlor."

"I never realized," said Mother, "that educational toys could be so attractive and interesting. Just think, a child can learn all those lessons and amuse himself at the same time. I think we mothers owe Playskool Institute a vote of thinks."

Well, Robert and Ruth and Mother spent nearly two hours at the Playskool display before they happened to remember it was time to go home. And maybe you think they didn't have many things to talk about on their drive homeward!

(Advertisement)

A JOURNEY TO MARS

(Told in the year 3000 A.D.)

Once upon a time, long, long ago in the year 1950, there were three brothers, James, Jack and Bob. They were sons of a famous inventor and therefore had more chances than their neighbors to rise in the world. They were wise enough to make the most of their opportunities, and the eldest brother had already become nearly as famous as his father; the others were unusually smart. At the time the story opens, James was planning a trip to Mars. Many people had tried before him, but no one had succeeded as yet. He decided to take with him a can of liquid air, a box of lunch and a parachute and started one morning in his monoplane with Mr. Armstrong, the most powerful athlete in the world, for company.

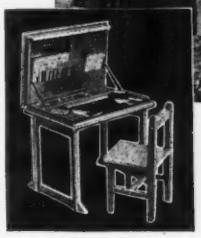
When they had reached the highest point which could be attained in flying, he told the strong man to throw him up as far as possible. After much arguing, Mr. Armstrong did as he was told, and away went James, high, high, high up in the sky. He went higher and higher and still higher, until he almost reached the edge of gravitation, then suddenly remembered that he had left his can of liquid air at home. As he could not possibly get along without it, he knew he would have to go back. Opening his parachute, he started earthward and was almost down to land when he saw that the parachute was carrying him out to sea. He landed—plop—in the Atlantic Ocean. He was greatly provoked, and as no ship was within call, he was forced to visit Davy Jones, whose invitation to stay forever was so pressing that he never got back to the surface at all.

A year passed and Jack resolved to find his lost brother. He left for Mars much as James had done, and really did reach the edge of gravitation, but as there was nothing on the other side to hold to, he also dropped back to earth. The parachute, drifting out over the Atlantic, sent him down to Davy Jones. He found James there and grew to feel very much at home.

Meanwhile Bob began to wonder whether his brothers had reached Mars or not. He decided to follow and find out where they were, but did not like their method of going, so chose a different one for himself. He started up in an airplane driven by a pilot and when he was high enough, went out on the edge of one wing. With him he carried a case of yeast, a can of liquid air, some lunch and a parachute. He poured some water on the yeast, held tightly to the box, and began slowly to rise. Afraid that he might lose his hold, he ate a few cakes, thirty in all, and—horror of horrors—felt himself growing taller and taller, wider and wider, until he was as tall as a skyscraper. After a while he passed the earth's gravitation and strode along, taking frequent breaths of liquid air.

The distance was very great, but as he had grown larger, his steps were longer and the journey did not seem so long. He had walked for some time when he became conscious that he was being pulled toward Mars. Indeed, he could even see it now. Grasping the ring that opened the parachute, he floated down, landing on what was apparently a flying field.

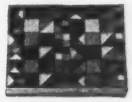
So far as he could judge, Mars was much the same as the earth, except for the funny way the people walked. They glided along without raising their feet, as though the ground were icy. He learned that they did this because Mars was a great round magnet and the people clung to it like needles. A crowd of them gathered about him, making queer motions with their hands which struck him as exceedingly funny. He began to laugh, but was sorry he did so, because it frightened them away.



Playskool—
The Home Kindergarten

Playskool Peggy Box

Playskool
Parquetry Blocks



Playskool
Cubes and Angles

"I WANT TO GO TO SCHOOL, TOO, MOTHER" . . .

"Too young to go to school" does not mean "too young to learn". The right kind of playing with the right materials imparts fundamental knowledge and sense-training, the benefits of which are endorsed by recognized leaders in child education.

Alert Merchants Foster The "Learning While Playing" Idea

Leading department stores, and children's shops, feature Playskool Institute Products . . . because modern parents demand playthings that teach as they entertain. Ask them to show you Playskool — The Home Kindergarten and other Institute products. If you wish, we will mail an illustrated folder of the complete Playskool line, together with the booklet "Pre-school Training in The Home". Send Ten Cents, to cover mailing, with the coupon below.

PLAYSKOOL INSTITUTE
504 Commerce St., Milwaukee, Wis.

I enclose Ten Cents for which send me the new Playskool folder, and booklet on Pre-school Training in the Home.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

PLAYSKOOL INSTITUTE
504 COMMERCE ST. MILWAUKEE, WIS.
A DIVISION OF JOHN SCHROEDER LUMBER COMPANY

August Honor Roll

(*Continued from page 469*)

June Pacey
Agnes Parillo
Ruth Parkhurst
Dominic Percopa
Matian Peterson
Roberta Phelps
Cleda F. Phillips
Freda Phillips
George H. Phillips
Mary Phillips
Robert Phillips
Evelyn Pierson
Anna Plano
Anna D. Poth
Nell R. Price
Martin Raetz
Frank Rausch
Frank Redway
Lorraine Renn
Florence Ringle
Alberta Rick
Jim Rivers
Lester Rivers
May Rivers
Margaret Rodgers
June R. Sanborn
Harry Santino
Aneta Saucke
La Vern Saucke
Olive Schultz
Bernard Schwartz
Dorris Scott
Maxine Scott
Verna-Dean Scott
Concetta Selittle
Shirley Sharnpo
Evelyn Shaw
Jake Shelleman
Nich Shunk
William Shunk
Olga Siderook
Everett Siedschlag
Jennie Silvestre
Lucille Sitton
Lula B. Sitton
Carl Slaughter
Eva Soltys
Catherine Spambanato
Bennie Spurlock
Agnes Squeghia
Roslyn Squeghia
Mathalene Stewart
Caryl Steeves
Beonia Stone
Bernadean Stone
Bernetta Stone
Dorothy Straus
Betty Strohecker
James Sullo
Bill Sutherland, Jr.
Edith Swanson
Elver Swart
Laurence Swart
Leonard Swart
Fletcher Sweezy
Stacia Szavliko
Harold Talmadge
Correne Tanner
Shirley J. Tate
Grace Teits
Celia Ten Eyck
Raymond Thees
Lucille Thorson
Bonnie B. Tresslar
Wilma Tresslar
Ralph Vacarro
Margaret L. Vidom
Kitty Walker
Myrtle Walker
Rosemary Walker
Ernest Wallace
Ruth Wallace
J. C. Walker
Willard Wallace
Joyce Warner
Christine Weeks
Ruth Wehr
Ruth Weimer
Wilma Welch
Edna M. Wheeler
Margaret Wheeler
Anona Whitehead
George Whitehead
Frank Whitehead
Raymond Whitehead
Ruby Wilch
Jimodean Wilborn
Almira Wilson
Pearl Winters
Pelice Witkowski
Lucille Wolford
Jean Woodhull
Lois Woodhull
Maxine Woodliff
Elizabeth Wright
Ralph Yates
Dwight Young
Robert Young
Anthony Zembroski
Lawrence Zemetis

CHILDREN WHO WANT LETTERS

Mildred Morgan, Stephens, Ark., age 13.
Vera Mae Renfro, 1525 Carnes St., Trenton, Mo., age 11.
Edythe Rubyn, Hague, N. D.
Joanne Jean McDavid, 20 Lincoln Place, Decatur, Ill., age 11.
Jane Murdock, 124 Walsh Street, Joliet, Ill., age 11.
Laurene Ferguson, Attica, Kans., age 9.
Virginia Flynn, 1520 Langdon St., Alton, Ill., age 12.
Margaret Bruce, Lookeba, Okla.
Helen McLeod, 52 Wine Ave., Hyattsville, Md., age 13.
Marjorie Naquin, Kukuihaele, Hawaii, age 10.
Dorothy Andrews, 59 Lewis Ave., Walpole, Mass., age 12.
Cathryn Collins, 215 N. Main St., Pendleton, Ore.
Frances Tolins, 657 Laurelton Blvd., Long Beach, N. Y., age 9.
Maragret L. Manwaring, 16 Delano St., Pulaski, N. Y.
Helen Kircher, 411 N. Fulton St., Butler, Mo.
Pauline Rothwell, R. F. D., Smyrna, Delaware, age 12.
Margaret Evans, 180 Livingston St., New Haven, Conn.
Dorothy Margaret Thompson, 5632 Berenice Ave., Chicago, Ill., age 15.
Gerald Pool, 1550 S. Logan St., Denver, Colo., age 11.
June Palmer, 45 North Main St., Mayville, Wis., age 14.
Janet Fisher, Toppan, N. Y., age 10.
Ruth Hyde, 318 S. Main St., Kewanee, Ill., age 14.
Jessie A. Fitzgerald, 1208 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md., age 12.
Inza Sims, Sand Fork, W. Va., age 15.
Ruth De Arman, 8221 Walker Ave., Birmingham, Ala., age 11.

Mapleine Syrup is *Good* for Children

FOR the child who needs coaxing to eat his mush, drink his milk, or eat his rice, put a little Mapleine Syrup (full directions with every bottle) on top of the mush or rice, or in the glass of milk, and presto! the food becomes a treat. Of course older children love Mapleine Syrup too and it may be served generously because of it's absolute purity. Get Mapleine at your grocer's. A complete recipe book on request, FREE. Crescent Mfg. Co., Dept. 42, Seattle, Washington, U. S. A.

MAPLEINE

Syrup Maker • Flavoring • Meat Savor

A FASCINATING PASTIME

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He wondered what made them so small, then realized after much meditation that he was the one that was the wrong size. They were almost the same as Americans.

After a while he became very hungry and wanted something good to eat, but wishing didn't help him any and he had to subsist on yeast cakes. After eating a few of these, he went to sleep.

The following day dawned bright and clear on Mars and the housewives stood at their doors drinking in the beauty of the morning. Then, strange to say, it began to thunder but no lightning came. Greatly puzzled, the women called the learned counsellors and asked them to explain. They said it was an *epamidanturus* formation, which, of course meant nothing to the people. Then a little voice piped up, "I know what it is. It's that giant who was here yesterday. He's asleep and snoring."

"But how shall we wake him?"

"Shoot him," yelled somebody.

Bob woke up with a little tickly feeling all over him. "Gee, what mosquitoes they have!" he exclaimed.

As he looked down, he saw instead of a cloud of mosquitoes below him, a crowd of people shooting at him with rifles.

"Gee whiz, but it's cold!" he cried, and threw down a few yeast cakes to raise the temperature. This made him more comfortable. Then he said in a small voice, so as not to scare the people,

"Friends, I have come as an ambassador to you from the earth. I hope you will forgive my intrusion. I met with a slight accident on the way here, which caused me to expand, and now I am not fit to be an ambassador—in fact, I don't fit anything. Therefore, I will betake myself earthward again."

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself scaring us that way?" piped a voice underneath him. "I should think you weren't fit for an ambassador."

At this Bob turned red and began to feel shockingly small. Before long everybody was saying such things, making poor Bob feel smaller and smaller, until, wonder of wonders, he really was small. He sank down slowly onto the flying field, where the people, ashamed in their turn, greeted him pleasantly and invited him to stay there as long as he liked.

Two weeks he lived on Mars and that was sufficient. He decided to go back to earth and, taking provisions and a box of yeast, started homeward. He did not eat any yeast this time, but trusted to luck and glue to keep him on the box. When he reached the earth's gravitation, he left his box of yeast and finished his journey with the parachute, and he, too, landed in the ocean. He found his two brothers and was really quite contented with them. Soon after, Davy Jones observed that the tides were much higher than usual and concluded that the moon must have obtained the box of yeast Bob left in the sky and was using it to the best of advantage.

ELEANOR NICHOLS,
Portland, Maine.

Dear Miss Waldo:

Never have I found such an enjoyable companion as "Child Life." I have spent many afternoons looking at the magazine and reading the stories.

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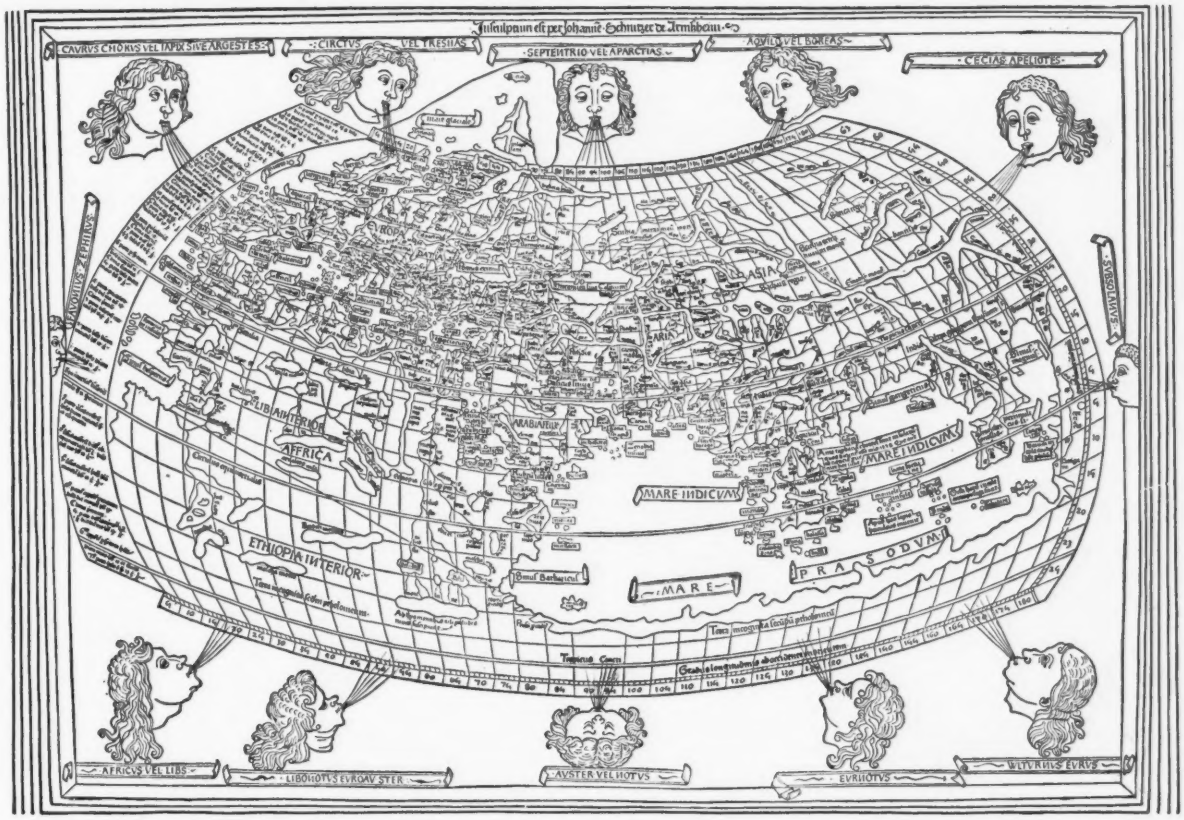

Map of the world according to Ptolemy (Claudius Ptolemaeus.) Engraved by Johannes Schnitzer de Armssheim, 1482

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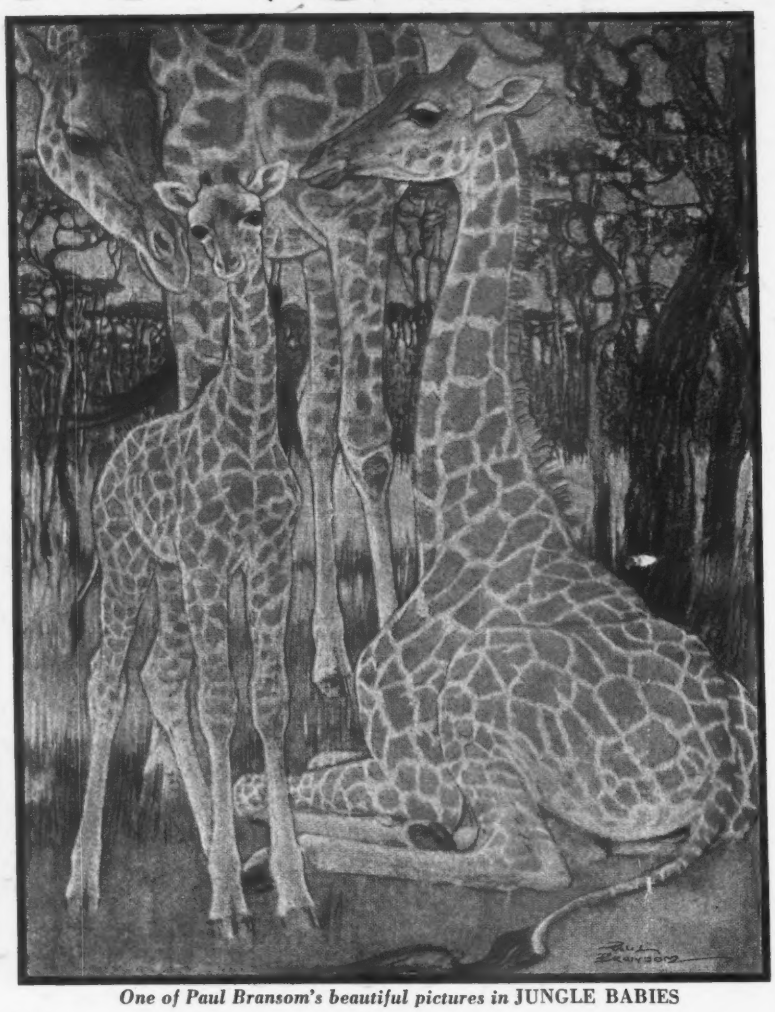
JUNGLE BABIES



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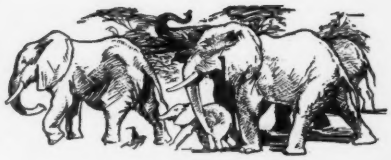

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